

Next Week! A City in the Clouds; OR, THE BALLOON THAT CAME DOWN ON THE FARM. Next Week!

HAPPY



A PAPER

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Just then the Indian woman rose to her feet and made a spring at one of the men—in a second he struck her down with a big, black bottle.

"Clear this cabin, quick!" roared Phil when he saw it.

"I'll give you two minutes to leave, you monsters!"

"There, that's the end of them," cried Paul, as the men stumbled into their boats. "I'm sorry for their wives when they get back to the island."

"What will we do with the woman?" asked Ray, who had come aboard as soon as he heard the shooting.

"I'll see," said Phil, going into the cabin. "She's dead; he killed her!" he called out in a minute. He was standing on the step in a horrified stupor.

Floyd stayed on deck while the others went down to look at the woman. He wanted to be sure that the men were not coming back.

The trader was down there trembling and shaking, and Phil turned on him furiously and gave him a tongue lashing. "A man that will sell whisky to such

Paul, who was shivering. "I do hope we haven't got to go back through those ice-bergs."

"Let's give up going to Toulingate and go somewhere else," suggested Ray. "That woman is dead and we can notify the au- thorities from some other island."

"And those fellows can't escape from that island," added Floyd. "They haven't any of them nerve enough to steal a trader."

"That's so," laughed Phil, "and I guess you are about right. I'll go and pump the pilot, perhaps he can tell me something."

"I'll take you up the coast for a hundred miles and leave you on any island you say provided you won't tell about my selling whisky," said the fellow, when Phil went over to him.

"Well, I won't promise that," said Phil "but I will be as easy with you as possible. I am not going to let you off altogether; no even to save myself from freezing."

"Suppose I won't take you anywhere that you wants to go," said the trader, getting ugly. "You don't know nothin' about this country. I kin take ye where you want to."

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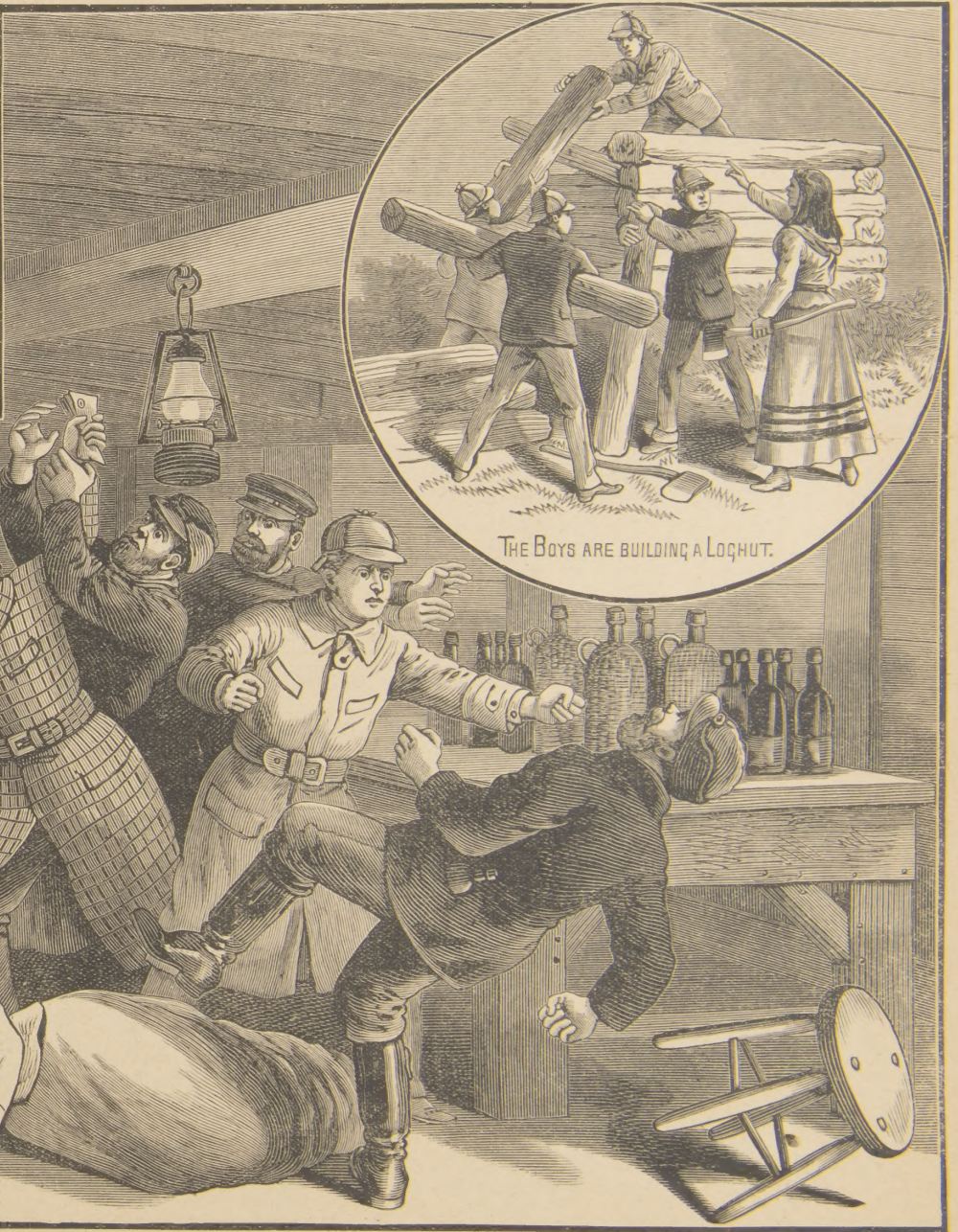
No. 267

Lost Among the Icebergs; or, PHIL BROWN'S VACATION UP NORTH.

BY C. LITTLE.



ON THE CAPTURED LIQUOR PEDDLER.



THE BOYS ARE BUILDING A LOG HUT.

"Stand back there! Don't you dare to touch her!" Phil yelled at the top of his lungs, and just then one of the men grabbed him and snatched at his money. The trader slunk back in a corner and for a minute it looked as if the men would clean out everything; then Phil's voice rang out like a trumpet as he yelled: "Back, you brutes, or we'll fire!"

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Lost Among the Icebergs

By C. LITTLE.

CHAPTER IV.

A COOL RECEPTION FROM THE NATIVES.

The queer-looking craft that Phil had seen coming to their rescue when they were lost and freezing among the icebergs turned out to be a whaling boat bound for the coast of Labrador.

The captain was a gruff old fellow, but he had his men pull the boys aboard and rub them good and hard, and then furnished them with clothing until their own was thawed out and warmed for them in the cabin of the whaler.

As soon as the boys were able to talk, Phil told the captain who they were, and where they had come from.

"Now, where do you suppose the Salamanco is, Captain?" he asked when he had finished his story.

"Gone to the bottom, of course," was the old fellow's short answer.

"We heard her whistlin' in the fog; if she hadn't a sunk we'd a seen her when it lifted."

"Oh, it doesn't seem possible!" cried Phil in horror. "Poor Captain Ashe! He has lost his life in trying to save others!"

"He did a foolhardy thing," said the old whaler, gruffly; "but he done it, an' that's all there's to be said about it."

"Where can you land us, Captain?" asked Phil, as soon as he could speak. The thought of the Salamanco going down had almost upset him.

"Dunno," said the Captain. "We've got no more time to lose... We can set you ashore somewhere near. Exploits or Triton Island, but we can't waste much time about it, and we can't spare no men. You'll have to drop off in your own boat; we've got it in tow. You don't mind that, do you?" he asked, more pleasantly.

"Oh, no indeed, that is if you can fit us out with oars and grub, and drop us somewhere near an inhabited island. We are up here for fun, you see, Captain, and we ain't having much just now, although we are mighty thankful to you for rescuing us! Five minutes more in that boat and we'd all have been frozen solid!" said Phil. "It was a mighty close call, but I wouldn't mind if only the Salamanco hadn't gone to the bottom."

"We'll give you some grub and some duds," said the Captain, "but you won't need much of anything, for it'll be warmer to-morrow."

"What, doesn't it grow colder as we go on?" asked Paul, in surprise.

"No, indeed," said the Captain. "It'll be warm and pleasant just as quick as we get rid of them icy critters."

"Well, I'm glad to hear that we are to get rid of them," said Phil, "for I'm not so much in love with icebergs as I was before I got so well acquainted with them."

"We'll drop you in Notre Dame Bay at sunrise to-morrow mornin'," said the Captain. "There's lots of islands all around, an' there's fishermen and miners a-livin' on most of 'em. They'll tell you where to look for sport, if that's what you're after; but be keerful that ye don't git adrift ag'in," he chuckled, as he left them to go on deck and relieve the wheelman.

At daybreak the next morning the boys were routed out and told that their boat was ready for them to board her.

After thanking the Captain and crew for their kindness, Phil gave them each ten dollars, which made their eyes stick out, for they had no idea the boys had any money.

It was very much warmer than it had been the day before, for they had left the ocean and entered a great bay dotted thickly with islands from about a third to three-quarters of a mile in length.

The islands were thickly wooded, and looked fairly green and pleasant, although a chilly wind swept over them from the direction of the icebergs.

"There are two or three little fellows," said Phil, as they rowed away from the whaler. "These islands would look almost

warm if it was not for those icy reminders."

"They are aground and have come to stay all summer," said Paul. "There'll be no trouble in getting ice cream in this section."

"It's a desolate country, all right," said Ray, looking over their provisions. "I'm not sure that we have bettered ourselves yet, but at least we are out of the icebergs for the present."

"There's smoke on that biggest island," said Phil, after a minute. "It's a settlement of fishermen, the Captain told me." "They'll keep us a few days, I guess," said Ray, gazing around. "What a pity that we have lost our fishing rods and rifles."

"We'll buy some more if we can find a place where they sell them," said Phil, "and meanwhile we'll have to use our pistols and borrow fish lines from the natives."

They neared the island slowly, looking it over as they came. There were five or six rotten-looking punts pulled up on the shore, and four small log cabins stood back in a clearing.

As their boat grated on the shore a half dozen rough-looking men came out of the cabins, and after staring at them a minute, came down to meet them.

"How de do, gentlemen?" said Phil, springing out of the boat. "I hope you don't object to having a few visitors."

"Where'd ye come from?" asked one of the men, removing a short black pipe from his mouth.

Phil hurriedly told them about the fate of the Salamanco, and the men all listened in stolid interest.

"She's de steamer dat carries de ore from Pilley's Island," said one of the men. "I saw her onct when I wuz up tew Sandy Cove on a visit."

"It's tew bad, faith, it is," said another old fellow. "De ice dogs must be purty thick if two boats has gone down in 'em."

"Oh, they were very plentiful, I can tell you," said Phil, "and when that sailing vessel went down it was perfectly awful! We'd have frozen to death if it hadn't been for the whaler, and now, the question is, how are we going to get to Pilley's Island?"

The natives shook their heads and looked at each other.

"Ye can't dew it in dat boat," said one. "It 'ud take ye a week tew row there."

"Well, couldn't we get a bigger boat with a sail?" asked Phil, "and somebody to go with us who is familiar with the country?"

The men shook their heads again, and scowled a little.

"There ain't nobody here on dis island but us," said one of them, "an' wese ain't got no boats to travel to Pilley's Island."

"Well, how's the sport up here, anyhow? Is there anything to shoot on these little islands?" asked Phil, who saw that the chances for getting away looked hopeless.

"There's otter an' beaver an' seals," said one of the men, "but there beant so many dat we be givin' 'em tew strangers."

"Oh, I see," said Phil, "you need them in your business! Well, is there anything else that is more plentiful and less precious?"

"There's fish enough if ye wants ter ketch 'em," said another of the men. "The place tew do your huntin' is over on the mainland."

"But we can't get over there," said Phil, very quickly, "so you see we are in a bad fix and you don't seem inclined to help us out of it."

The men grunted a little and looked at each other again, and the rest of the boys got out of the boat and dragged it up on the shore before any of them had seen fit to answer Phil's assertion.

"They don't seem very hospitable, do they?" said Ray, in a low tone, as the men moved away for a little distance and began whispering together.

"No, they don't," answered Phil, "but I think I understand it. They are as poor as Job's turkey themselves and they don't want us to touch any game in this vicinity. You can't much blame them, and yet they might be a little more humane, especially when they can see by our boat that we are really the survivors from the Salamanco. I mean to teach them a lesson in politeness if nothing more. If they don't offer me a

shelter I shall proceed to help myself to one."

"They look ugly, Phil. I expect they can make things mighty uncomfortable for us, but it is mighty mean in them not to make us more welcome. I'll bet they are as chilly as the icebergs."

"There's a woman," said Phil, quickly, as he saw a big, raw-boned female coming from one of the cabins. "She's a squaw as true as I live, or if she isn't a thoroughbred, she is a half-breed Indian!"

"I'll bet she's as ugly as the men," whispered Paul, as they watched the woman stride down toward the group of swarthy-faced fishermen and begin to talk to them in an excited manner.

"Well, I'm going to face the music, so be ready for what happens," laughed Phil, turning to wink at his comrades.

Then he walked directly up to where the men and women were standing.

"See here, friends," he began, in a very pleasant tone, "I have told you who we are and how we happened to be here; now I want to know what you are willing to do for us in the matter of food and shelter?"

The man who had spoken first turned slowly toward him, but before he could speak the woman strode forward.

"Do yese think wese kin feed ye when we ain't got enough fer oursel's?" she asked, crossly. "Dere's nuttin here but but fish, an' none too many of dem. Go some's else if ye wants to be tuk care of!"

"But your men say that we can't get anywhere else in our boat, at least not anywhere where we'd be better off than here," said Phil, very politely. "Don't you think you can board us for a little while, until we can plan some way of getting off the island?"

"What'll ye pay?" asked the woman, with an ugly grin. "How's a lot of b'ys like ye a goin' to pay fer yer vittals?"

"Don't the boys in your country ever have any money in their clothes?" asked Phil, with a smile. "Well, I've got a little, and if you folks are too mean to give us a little bite to eat we'll pay you for it, but you'll have to treat us mighty decent!"

Phil had straightened up and was looking very stern as he spoke, and the men all began to open their eyes and stare at him in wonder.

"I should be very sorry to be rude to a lady," he went on, "but as we have come to this island through no fault of our own, we think we have a right to stay here until we can find some safe way of leaving. If you don't like our being here, I cannot help it, and you'll have to put up with it one way or another. Now, sirs," he continued, addressing the men, "shall I make my arrangements for board with you or this lady?"

"We can't board ye no way," said one of the men, sullenly. "We ain't got no place fer ye to sleep, and there's nothin' to eat but codfish and herrin'!"

"Can't you help us to build a cabin like those?" asked Phil, pointing to their houses. "I'll pay you for your time, providing your price is reasonable."

"I s'pose we could do that," said the man. "The woman can help you; I've got to do the fishin'."

"Is this lady your wife?" asked Phil, looking at the fellow sharply.

The men all roared except the man addressed.

"Do you think I'd marry an Injun?" he muttered, crossly.

The woman's eyes snapped angrily as she glared at the man.

"Your father warn't no better than mine, Jim Wales," she snorted. "He warn't nuth' in but a trader in poor rum and whisky!"

"They are an amiable crowd, ain't they?" whispered Ray, "but I'll bet on the squaw, if they ever come to blows! Gee whiz! but couldn't she hit a stunning blow! Did you ever see such monstrous muscles!"

"She needs them if she has to build the cabins," answered Phil; then he turned again and spoke to the woman.

"Well, madam, are you willing to help us with the cabin?"

"How much'll ye give me?" asked the woman, more amiably.

"Five dollars," said Phil, promptly, "and that ought to be a small fortune in these diggin's."

The woman's face softened almost to a smile, and the men took off their hats and scratched their heads in amazement.

Phil pulled five dollars in Newfoundland money out of his pocket and showed it to her.

"You shall have it just as quick as the job is done, and we'll do the biggest part of it ourselves," he said decidedly.

Without a word the woman strode back to her cabin, and, picking up an ax that lay on the ground outside of the door, swung it over her shoulder and started off toward a clump of beech and fir trees.

"You and Floyd go with her," Phil said, turning to Ray; then he bent a little nearer to him, and whispered:

"Have you got your pistol?"

Ray nodded, and then he and Floyd started after the woman, one of the men going as far as his cabin and supplying them with axes.

"If we've got to stay here any time, we may as well be comfortable," said Phil to Paul, "and I confess I'd like to have a look at an otter. Now I wish you'd stay here a while and look out for the boat, while I get better acquainted with our future neighbors."

"We'll not have to stay here long, I am sure," answered Paul. "As soon as we get our bearings we can make a tour of all these islands, and we'll probably come across another whaler or a fisherman of some sort, who will take us along to a more civilized settlement."

"Poor creatures, they've got a hard life of it here all right; but the worst of it is they've got seven or eight young ones."

"Of course," said Phil; "poor people always have 'em. I saw one of them just now, and he looked like an undersized scarecrow."

"Well, I fancy they'll treat us better now that they know we've got money," said Phil, laughing.

"Perhaps they'll try to rob you; you'd better not show too much of it to those chaps, old fellow."

"I guess you are right," said Phil. "Oh, but they are a lazy lot!"

He was looking at the men who were still smoking and talking.

"They make the women do all the work. I just saw one up in that cabin cleaning fish or something."

"They are all right when they are sober, I guess," answered Paul; "but I've heard that they are perfect demons when they are full of whisky."

"Which doesn't often happen, I'm thinking," replied Phil. "I haven't discovered any saloons on the island. I'm going up to have a talk with them and see where they'll allow me to build my house, and then I'm going to cudgel my brains for something pretty in architecture."

Phil started off, and Paul called after him:

"Make it a Queen Anne cottage with a bay window in front, and be sure to have the porte cochere like Mr. Louis Tiffany's!"

"All right!" said Phil, laughing; "but the permit comes first! I am on my way to consult the building committee!"

CHAPTER V.

THE FLOATING SALOON.

Phil walked boldly up to the group of swarthy, heavy-featured men, and began the conversation in a decided manner.

"See here, men," he said, looking them straight in the eye, "are you so mean that you won't lend a hand to build that cabin for us when you know that unless we have some shelter we'll freeze before morning? Shame on you for a lot of hard-hearted creatures! Why, you are almost as cold-blooded as your beastly old icebergs!"

"Oh, we ain't quite so bad as that," said one of the men with a grin. "We'll help build your cabin, if you'll pay us for it."

"Good gracious, how eager you are to make a dollar! For heaven's sake, tell me what you people do with money!"

Phil glanced at them all as he asked the question, for he was really interested to know how they could spend money on that island.

"Of course we wants money; who

doesn't?" asked one of the men. "If we have money we can buy what we need from the traders."

"And who and where are your traders?" asked Phil, growing even more interested. "You'll see one afore long; dere's one due to-morrow," said the fellow.

"Oh, you mean that some chap sails around here in a boat," said Phil, happening to think of something that he had heard, "and he has all sorts and kinds of things on board that he sells to the inhabitants of all these little islands! Well, he's a God-send all right. I don't wonder you are glad to see him! If I lived here very long I'd be glad to see the devil!"

"And dat's about wot he is," said a woman's voice right behind Phil's back. "E's a devil for 'e brings whisky and rum to the men folks."

Phil wheeled around suddenly and looked at the woman. She had a fairly good face if it was sun-burned and dirty.

"Are your men folks any worse when they are drunk than when they are sober?" he asked, promptly. "If they are, they must be dandies, and I don't wonder you dread to have them buy whisky."

"They be's good enough when they's sober," said the woman, sullenly, "but wait till ye sees 'em half crazy wid liquor!"

She turned on her heel and started toward her cabin, and the men all roared as if she had said something funny.

"Come, now, how much do you want for those logs and your labor?" asked Phil, turning to the men and at the same time pointing to a pile of logs which he had noticed.

"Fifty cents apiece for the logs and a dollar each for us. We'll work till sundown," said one of the men, sulkily.

"All right," said Phil; "so get to work right away, and mind you put me up a comfortable cabin!"

There were the six men and the one woman, who was as stingy as a man, and three boys soon at work on the cabin.

Paul still stayed near the boat to keep guard over their provisions, and whenever the boys got hungry they went down and got a bite.

Pretty soon Floyd hurt his finger so he changed places with Ray, and by sundown the cabin was very nearly completed.

At the last minute the Indian woman came out of her cabin carrying a rusty little stove in her arms, and she soon had it set up in one corner of Phil's new home, and the stove pipe sticking out through the logs in true settler fashion.

They laid a good floor of beech bark or "birch rind," as they called it, and the roof was covered with the same material.

The boys dragged their boat into a convenient spot and then brought the oars and their provisions and put them in the shanty.

"This is better than nothing," said Phil, as they all sat around their red-hot stove. "We'll make some deal with that trader to take us away if he comes to-morrow."

"If there was any game worth bagging I wouldn't mind staying here for a few days," said Paul, "if it was only to enjoy Phil's expensive mansion."

"They knew every cent that was due them," Phil remarked with a grin, "and yet not one of them can read, write or figure."

"I wonder what that means?" said Ray, after a minute. "Didn't you hear some one shout? I'm sure that I did!"

They all piled out of the cabin and looked around. It was eight o'clock in the evening, but as clear as daylight.

"It's the trader!" shouted Phil. "He's ahead of time! Don't you see the men all going down to meet him?"

In about five minutes every man on the island was in his boat and was pulling out to board the trader.

"That's a queer-looking craft, if ever I saw one. Look's like a cross between a cat-boat and a dory," said Phil, laughing. "There goes his flag up; that means he's ready for business! Those fellows don't lose any time; why, he's hardly dropped his anchor!"

"We must find out right away when he's going to leave. It wouldn't do to have him set sail again before we'd got our bearings. I asked two of the men the name of this island, and they said they didn't know," said Floyd, looking disgusted. "Why, they don't know how far it is to the mainland!" "They are a lazy, ignorant lot, if ever I saw one," said Phil. "They only work when there is money in it, and then it's under protest."

"That Indian woman isn't half bad," said Ray. "She told me that her life here was something dreadful. The other women don't like her, and neither do the men, yet she swears that some of them are as much Indian as she is. When they are drunk they all pitch in and abuse her like fury."

"She looks as if she could hold her own," said Phil.

"Oh, she probably could with one or two, but not with them all," answered Ray, laughing.

"Well, they shall not beat her while I'm here, whether they are drunk or sober, for Indian or no Indian, she is still a woman."

"We are with you there, Phil," said Paul, slapping him on the shoulder. "We'll stand by the women at all times, and in all countries! But I move that we go out and call on the trader. Those men will buy him out if we wait any longer."

There was a great racket on the trader when the boys drew near her, for the men had got their whisky and were growing very noisy.

"Whew! She's a regular floating saloon!" said Phil, as he sniffed the liquor. "Are your pistols all right, boys? We may possibly need them."

"They are all right," answered the boys, feeling in their ulster pockets.

"I'm glad my fingers are not so cold but what I can pull the trigger," said Paul. "Why, it is almost comfortably warm here compared with what it was yesterday on board the Salamanco."

Just then their boat was hailed by the trader himself, and the boys could see that the men had been telling him about them for his manner was more than civil when he addressed them.

"Thanks we've got money, and that we'll patronize his saloon," muttered Paul. "Well, he'll be badly fooled, for we don't drink strong liquor."

"We can buy it and throw it overboard to keep the men from drinking it," said Phil; then he stood up in the boat and answered the fellow.

"I knows all about ye; the men here has told me," broke in the trader as Phil attempted to tell him how they came to be there.

"Just come right aboard and make yourself at home. I've got good things to eat and drink, an' they won't cost ye much of nothin'."

"You'd better stay in the boat," said Phil to Ray. "You've got a revolver in your pocket in case you need it. If there's anything worth seeing, I'll call you later. I'm only going aboard in order to get the good will of this fellow."

Phil crawled aboard of the trader with Paul and Floyd after him, and the minute he put his foot in the cabin of the boat he knew that he had deliberately walked into trouble.

CHAPTER VI.

PHIL CONFISCATES THE TRADER.

"Here they be, and they've all got money," growled a hoarse voice as Phil and his two friends crawled down into the dingy cabin.

"Yes, here we are!" cried Phil, gaily. "So show us your wares, Mr. Trader! Here, I'll begin by buying that pile of warm socks over in that corner. How much?" he asked, running his hand into his pocket.

The peddler winked at one of the men as he mentioned his price. It was an exorbitant one, but Phil accepted it without a murmur.

"Now, I'll take that woolen cap and those mittens," said Phil, looking around, "and there's a muffler I can use if you don't want a fortune for it."

He paid the trader what he asked out of some small bills, taking care not to show any of large denominations.

"I don't see anything that I want," said Paul, looking around. "Have you anything to eat or drink? I'm deucedly hungry!"

This was just what the men wanted, and they all pricked up their ears. They had spent all their money, and their pockets were fairly bulging with bottles.

The trader immediately brought out two or three black-looking bottles, and whispered to Paul that they contained very choice liquor.

"How much do you want for them?" asked Paul, putting his hand in his pocket, but the fellow was busy getting out some more demijohns and bottles.

The men began to crowd around Paul in a peculiar manner, but he never budged, only looked at them coolly.

"What do you boys want of so much of the stuff?" asked one.

"That's our business," said Phil, turning upon him sharply.

The trader had just dragged out his very last bottle, and Phil stood with his money in his hand when a woman stuck her head through the door of the cabin.

Phil looked up quickly, and saw that it was the Indian woman; he motioned for her to go back, but she did not heed him.

"Give me a pint of whisky!" she bawled at the trader.

Quicker than a flash one of the men grabbed the money that the woman held out, and then struck her a blow that knocked her over.

Paul made a lunge at the man and hit him squarely under the ear, and that started a scene of the wildest description.

It seemed as if the men had been suddenly turned into wild beasts, for they tried to trample on the woman, and were only prevented by Phil's jumping between them.

"Stand back there! Don't you dare to touch her!" he yelled at the top of his lungs, and just then one of the men grabbed him and snatched at his money.

The trader slunk back in a corner, and for a minute it looked as if the men would clean out everything. Then Phil's voice rang out like a trumpet as he yelled:

"Back, you brutes, or we'll fire!" and flourished a revolver in their faces.

The men fell back and glared at him savagely, but when they saw the other two pistols so close behind them they knew they were whipped, and made no resistance.

Just then the Indian woman rose to her feet and made a spring at one of the men—in a second he struck her down with a big, black bottle.

"Clear this cabin, quick!" roared Phil when he saw it.

"I'll give you two minutes to leave, you monsters!"

"There, that's the end of them," cried Paul, as the men stumbled into their boats. "I'm sorry for their wives when they get back to the island."

"What will we do with the woman?" asked Ray, who had come aboard as soon as he heard the shooting.

"I'll see," said Phil, going into the cabin. "She's dead; he killed her!" he called out in a minute. He was standing on the step in a horrified stupor.

Floyd stayed on deck while the others went down to look at the woman. He wanted to be sure that the men were not coming back.

The trader was down there trembling and shaking, and Phil turned on him furiously and gave him a tongue lashing.

"A man that will sell whisky to such brutes as those is nothing more than a cur," he said at the finish.

"What's to be done next?" asked Ray, when Phil had stopped. "Is there any one in this section to punish those fellows?"

Phil looked at the trader. "There's no one nearer than Toulengate, and that's a two days' journey," the fellow said, glumly.

"Where were you going to from here?" asked Phil, very sternly.

"To visit a dozen little settlements just like this one," was the answer. "There's any number of 'em up the coast, and they are all glad to see a trader."

"To see his whisky, you mean, don't you?" asked Phil. "Why, don't you know, you precious rascal, that there's a big fine for selling liquor in these waters?"

The fellow hung his head and trembled worse than ever.

"I'm a poor man," he began, but Phil stopped him.

"You are a cur and a coward and a knave!" he said sharply. "Why, it's your cursed whisky that has killed this poor woman! But there's no use in wasting any more time, that woman must be taken ashore and buried some way or other."

"The women will do it when the men are asleep," said the trader, brightening a little. "Just you wait a little, an' they'll come and git her."

Sure enough, in a little while a boat with two women came alongside and Phil went on deck at once and told them what had happened.

"Wese t'ought so, when she didn't come back," said one of the women. They did not seem at all disturbed, but were as stolid as ever.

"Will you bury her decently?" asked Phil as he handed them some money.

"Yes, we'll do it," said one. "The men are too drunk to stop us."

After they had rowed away with the woman's body, Phil called the boys to the cabin.

The trader was hurriedly hiding his whisky, so they talked for a moment without his hearing them.

"It's our only chance and we must do it," said Phil, after whispering to them a minute. "It only needs a little nerve, and we are well supplied with that article."

"You are right, as usual," said Paul, eyeing the trader. "I confess I don't hanker to go back to the island, so you lay down the laws and the rest of us will stand by them."

Phil took a step forward in the cabin and tapped the trader on the shoulder.

"Here, drop that sort of work now and pull up your anchor," he said, sternly. "We want to go to Toulengate to inform the authorities of this murder!"

The man stopped short in his work and stared at Phil.

"I can't go back to Toulengate now," he muttered. "It would spile a season's business, and I can't afford it."

"Oh, yes, you can," said Phil, even more emphatically. "I am boss on this craft now, and you've got to obey me."

"What!" gasped the man, fairly pale with amazement.

"I said I was boss on this craft and that you were only the pilot," repeated Phil decidedly. "I am going to start for Toulengate in the next five minutes, and if you don't pull up that anchor I'll put a bullet through you!"

He drew his revolver from his pocket and the trader promptly started for the deck, followed by three very business-like looking weapons of the "bull-dog" order.

Ten minutes later the sails were up as well as the anchor, and the "floating saloon," as the boys called her, had started on her errand of law and justice with her owner sitting at her helm in a very dejected manner.

"He'd run us into an iceberg if he dared," laughed Ray. "Did you ever see such a vicious expression!"

"I've looked all over his boat, but there's not a weapon to be found. I guess we are corks of the roost," said Floyd, coming out of the cabin.

"Nevertheless, I'm not going to have him lost sight of for a minute," said Phil, "so we'll take turns studying the chart and watching the gentleman."

"I'm getting frightfully cold again," said

Paul, who was shivering. "I do hope we haven't got to go back through those icebergs."

"Let's give up going to Toulengate and go somewhere else," suggested Ray. "That woman is dead and we can notify the authorities from some other island."

"And those fellows can't escape from that island," added Floyd. "They haven't any of them nerve enough to steal a trader."

"That's so," laughed Phil, "and I guess you are about right. I'll go and pump the pilot, perhaps he can tell me something."

"I'll take you up the coast for a hundred miles and leave you on any island you say, provided you won't tell about my sellin' whisky," said the fellow, when Phil went over to him.

"Well, I won't promise that," said Phil, "but I will be as easy with you as possible. I am not going to let you off altogether; not even to save myself from freezing."

"Suppose I won't take you anywhere that you want to go," said the trader, getting ugly. "You don't know nothin' about this country. I kin take ye wherever I wants to."

"Oh, but I'm learning the country. I am studying your chart," said Phil, "and when it comes to seamanship I'm an expert sailor. Of course, if you steer for those icebergs you'll have me at a disadvantage, but I can stand it as long as you can, and when I get tired of standing it, I'll take the tiller."

"You've got lots of grit," said the trader, scowling, "but if you didn't have that pistol I would shie you overboard in a second."

"I don't doubt it," said Phil, "so I am glad I have got it, but I am beginning to get sleepy, so as soon as you get out of sight of that island just get into the lee of another. I'll be on deck to help drop the anchor, and we'll stay there till morning. You can go below then and get a bite to eat if you wish. I suppose this little plan of mine has interfered with your supper."

The man growled out something, but Phil did not stay to answer. He was walking back and forth on the deck to get his blood in circulation.

"I'd give a dollar to know just where we are," he said to Ray. "Of course I have a sort of an idea, but nothing very definite. There's good caribou hunting on some of these islands, but I fancy we'll have to go a bit farther north, say Little Bay or Three Anns."

"And there are plenty of seal in some of these bays, and the trout streams are plentiful, so are codfish and salmon. Oh, we'll have our fun yet, if we ever find ourselves," he added, laughing. "But to tell you the truth, Phil, just now I feel like a Pirate."

"I don't feel just natural myself," admitted Phil, "but we really had to do it; there was nothing else for us."

"He's an ugly customer all right, or would be if he dared," whispered Ray, nodding over to the sullen steersman; "but he deserves to be punished for running a floating rum shop."

"And he will be if I live long enough!" said Phil, very stoutly. "I'll put him through myself if it takes all my money. The trouble is to get to the proper authorities. Why, a man could commit murder every day in the week up here, and hardly run a chance of ever being discovered."

"The police force is certainly conspicuous by its absence," laughed Ray, "and the excise committee is not overzealous in the discharge of its duties. But I say, Phil, won't we be punished ourselves for stealing this boat?"

"He'll hardly have the nerve to prosecute us," said Phil, "and how could he prove his case when he is going along with us?"

"That's so, we couldn't steal him, could we?" laughed Ray. "Oh, I do hope we'll be able to make him steer us out of those icebergs!"

"I've found two places on my map that I want to visit," said Phil, with a funny look on his face, "so I shall make it hot for him to-morrow if he does any monkeying with that tiller."

"What are they?" asked Ray, getting interested at once.

"One of them is a place called 'Seldom Come-by,' laughed Phil, "and the other is still funnier; it's 'Bumble-bee-Bite.' Did you ever hear such funny names? I'm very sure I didn't."

"It's Bight, ain't it?" asked Ray, looking thoughtful, as he spelled it. "I've had some experience with bumble bees, but that's a libel on the creatures."

"I guess you're right," said Phil, bursting out laughing. "Well, I'm going to those places to look for some lively hunting."

"I hope it will be bigger game than its name implies," laughed Ray. "That would be pretty tame sport after this evening's adventure."

"Go to bed," said Phil, suddenly. "I'm on guard to-night. I won't be easy for a moment while that knave is at the tiller." "Well, don't bump into any icebergs, for goodness sake," cried Ray, "and be sure and wake me up whenever you want me."

He went down into the cabin with the rest of the boys, and Phil went over and stood by the man at the tiller.

The moon had risen, and it was a beautiful night. In less than two hours Phil counted ten big icebergs.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Bide Your Time.

When fortune treats you slightly
And everything goes wrong,
Remember that you still are free
To labor and be strong.
To him who bravely does his part,
Misfortune is no crime,
Just hold your grip and keep up heart
And learn to bide your time.

The surest road to greatness lies
Through hard and patient work.
The glorious name that never dies
Comes not unto the shirk.
Fame sits upon an eminence,
A pinnacle sublime.
He who would win must seek her thence,
Strive on and bide his time.

The man of hope and energy,
Who keeps one goal in sight,
Who goes his way with constancy,
Will sometimes win the fight.
The man whose life a glory lends
To every age and clime,
Is he whose purpose never bends,
Who works and bides his time.

And when the fight at last is o'er,
The toll at last is done;
When standing on life's farther shore,
Beneath her setting sun;
Beyond the future's unbarred gate,
The bells of heaven chime,
And justice, love and glory wait
For him who bides his time.

[This story commenced in No. 261.]

Young Frank Reade And His Electric Airship; OR, A 10,000 MILE SEARCH FOR A MISSING MAN.

By "NONAME,"

Author of "Wrecked at the Pole," "Frank Reade Jr. in Cuba," "Six Weeks in the Moon," "Two Continents," etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

LARRY'S FLIGHT.

But before Young Frank Reade could execute his ill-judged move, Jack Haynes caught him by the arm.

"No, Frank," he said. "That would be to no gain. There is a better plan."
"But the airship must be regained," declared Frank.

"Very true. But there is a safer and surer way."

At this moment the maniac hermit suddenly caught a glimpse of the outlaws in the airship.

The effect upon him was thrilling. He gave a mad yell and bounded away into the depths of the cavern.

"Let him go," said Jack. "We cannot give attention to him just now. There are other matters."

"That is right," agreed Smith. "Golly fo' glory!" gasped Scipio. "How yo' specs dat I'rshman done let dem rapscallions fool him dat way?"

Frank had started after the hermit, but Jack's words restrained him. He saw at once that the young miner was right.

"Correct!" he cried. "The airship and the fate of those on board is of more importance just now. But what shall we do?"

This was a question which had occurred on the instant to all in the party. It was a stickler.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Jack. "It looks bad. We are only four against a score. The odds are too large!"

"Strategy of some sort is our only hope!" declared Smith.

"Golly! I done reckon Marse Frank kin fool dem chickens some way or 'nother," declared Scipio, confidently.

Frank had stood in silent thought, watching the scene. He saw that the rascals had but just gained possession of the airship.

And just here, for the enlightenment of the reader, let us see how it happened that the Polar Star fell so easily into the hands of the enemy.

After the explorers left the airship and plunged into the crater cavern, the girls, Kate and Grace, went into the cabin. Larry remained on deck and occupied himself with some light duties.

The young Celt had never dreamed of the proximity of danger.

It did not enter his mind as a possibility that the Harkley Small gang could by any chance be in the vicinity. Yet he kept a lookout.

Suddenly, after the explorers had been long absent, Larry received a thrilling shock.

From the cabin came a long-drawn, wild scream of terror in a woman's treble. The Celt recognized the voice as that of Kate.

For a moment he was numb with surprise and apprehension. He knew that the girls would never have screamed unless they were in trouble.

What could it mean?

What had befallen them?

But Larry knew that it was his business to find out. So, very swiftly he made action. He sprang down the cabin stairs.

As he reached the cabin door he saw that it was closed. He tried to open it, but it would not yield. The key had been turned in the lock.

He could hear the girls screaming wildly for help in the second cabin beyond. There was a passage to the right, leading to this, which he took.

He rushed rapidly forward and reached the door of the second cabin. But this was also locked. He heard the voices of the frightened girls beyond, and cried:

"Phwat's the matter, Miss Kate? Shure, here I am."

"Larry!" cried Kate, through the door; "break open the door; we have been locked in here by the man who tried to blow up the airship. He has escaped from the hold in some way!"

Larry's blood leaped. It was the work of Snyder, who had managed in some way to escape. The young Celt was never so excited in his life.

"Whisht, now, young laddys!" he cried. "Don't yez be a bit afraid. Jist sthaye there until I chase the omadhaun down in the hold, thin I'll come back."

"Oh, Larry, do look out for him!" pleaded Kate. "He is armed and is positively murderous."

"Don't yez fear wan bit," cried the plucky Irish boy. "It's mesilf will faix him!"

With this he turned. Just at that moment from the darkness of the passage a heavy form shot forward like a catapult. It struck Larry and before he could prepare to resist, he went down in a heap.

Snyder's talon fingers clutched his throat. Larry made a desperate resistance, but was literally choked into insensibility. When he came to it was to find himself lying on the floor of the passage helpless.

The sensations of the young Celt may be well imagined. He writhed and twisted in his bonds, but in vain. He could not break them.

He could hear the girls in the cabin beyond. He rolled to the door and spoke to them.

"Whisht, now, young laddys!" he said, in a low tone. "Be careful how yez sphake. Are yez afther hearin' me?"

"Oh, Larry!" said Kate. "What has happened to you?"

"Shure, it's bad luck, Miss Kate. The omadhaun dropped upon me when I wasn't lukin' an' shure he's lift me bound and helpless here, miss!"

"Are you badly hurt?"

"Not much, miss, an' if I cud only break these bonds I'd be afther showin' the rascal phwat I cud do to aven matters up."

"Oh, Larry, if we could only get to you!" murmured Kate.

"Ah, if yez only cud! Are yez sthrong enough to break down the door?"

"I fear not. But we will try."

But of course the efforts of the two girls were futile. The cabin door was stout, and resisted them. Larry saw that he could hardly hope as yet for rescue from that source.

So he bethought himself of other methods. He rolled over and over along the passage and into the forward hold. Here was a small port or window.

He glanced through this and beheld a sight which gave him a mighty thrill.

Down into the crater a body of armed ruffians were pausing. He recognized Harkley Small, and also another villain younger and more slender. Larry rubbed his eyes in amazement.

"Howly smoke!" he gasped. "That looks fer all the worruld laikie young Sam Lester av Readestown. Shure, it's the same. Phwat-iver is he doin' here? Begorra, I'll bate he's at the bottom av all this diviltry."

Larry was right.

It was young Sam Lester. The young villain had made his way across the wild country to join Small and his gang, and if possible effect the destruction of the Polar Star. He had come at what was for him an opportune time.

Lester and his gang had been signaled by Snyder and they were hastening toward the airship. The effect of all this upon Larry can hardly be described.

The young Celt was beside himself with excitement. In vain he writhed and twisted at his bonds. He knew full well that something desperate must be done, and at once, if the airship was to be saved.

He cudged his brain for some plan. He would not have been at a loss could he have freed himself. A solution of the difficulty would have been easy.

"Be me sowl, it's a bad fix," muttered Larry. "Whativer will young Misher Frank think when he finds it out? Alack-a-day! It's bad luck to the omadhauns, I say!"

With which he bethought himself of once more appealing to Kate and Grace for assistance.

CHAPTER XX.

A BRAVE GIRL'S WORK.

It was a terrible realization to Kate and Grace that they were helplessly confined in the airship cabin and that all was in the hands of the scientific crank, Luke Snyder. There was no telling what queer grip or

freak might seize upon the villain. He might at once decide to destroy the airship with dynamite and sacrifice the lives of all on board.

Kate was the cooler and steadier of the two girls. She soon recovered in a measure from her fright.

Then she instinctively began to study the situation. Both cabin doors were locked.

It was out of the question to try and break them in. Neither had the strength for that. The windows were in the skylight above, and escape by that means seemed impossible.

But as Kate scrutinized the walls of the cabin she gave a little cry. Near the stairway was a circular opening occupied by a ventilator. In an instant the plucky young girl was giving it close examination.

The pipe which extended through the partition came from the engine-room beyond, where the electric dynamos were. It extended to the deck above. Kate applied her strength to the pipe.

It moved and she saw that it was going to be an easy matter to disjoint it and remove the plate which occupied the opening. This was quite large enough for one of them to crawl through at a time.

Kate was so excited and overjoyed with this discovery that she shouted to Grace:

"Oh, Grace, here is a way for us to escape. Come and give me help."

Now Grace was not a girl of the strength and resource of Kate. But she at once came to her aid.

"Oh, Kate, how did you even think of that?"

"Is it not splendid?"

"But—"

"What?"

"What shall we do when we get through into the next room?"

Kate pursed her lips.

"You leave that to me!" she said, resolutely. "I will look out for the next thing."

With the efforts of both girls the ventilator was cleared. All that was now left to be done was to crawl through. But just then the scuffling of feet was heard on the deck above, and the loud intonations of voices.

The girls exchanged glances.

"What is that?" asked Kate.

"Somebody has come aboard!"

"Who can it be?"

"Is it Frank and the rest?"

But loud cursing quickly removed this fond hope. Both girls grew giddy and faint.

"My soul!" exclaimed Grace. "Do you think it can be Harkley Small and his vile gang?"

Kate leaped down and went to the cabin door. She listened, and then said softly:

"Larry! Are you there?"

There was no answer.

It was at this moment that the young Celt was forward at the port-hole, so he did not hear the call. Kate called again, and then, assured that Larry was not there, she turned back from the door.

Grace was wringing her hands with apprehension. But Kate was cool and very resolute.

"Oh, what are we going to do?" asked Grace, fearfully. Kate's eyes sparkled.

"I'll show you!" she said. "We have got to save this airship. You and I are the only ones to do it."

"Save the airship?"

"Yes."

To Grace this looked a hopeless task.

"How can it be done?" she asked.

"I'll tell you later," said Kate. "Get up here now and crawl through this hole."

Tremblingly the timid girl crept into the aperture. It was, however, an easy matter to climb down into the engine room. Kate followed her.

Now there was one lucky thing. Young Frank Reade had carefully instructed his sister in the mechanism of the Polar Star.

She knew all about electricity and the dynamos. Once in the engine room she acted quickly.

She closed the steel doors. There was a spiral stairway leading up into the pilot-house above. Kate picked up a coil of fine steel wire.

She quickly attached this to the knob and hinges of the doors. Then she ran it along the steel sash of the windows which separated the dynamos from the hold.

The next thing was to produce an insulated key from a locker near. This she applied to the wire, and taking one of the dynamo connections she quickly made the circuit.

Removing the key in an instant the door and sashes of the windows were electrified. Contact with them would produce a fearful shock, and possibly death.

"Now, Grace," said Kate. "The engine-room is our fortress. They will not attempt more than once to enter by means of those doors."

Grace drew a deep breath of relief. But she glanced instinctively at the stairs. But Kate laughed.

"That is all right," she said. "I am going up there and fix things just the same."

Carrying the coil of wire the brave young girl mounted the staircase. It was true that Harkley Small and his gang were even now overrunning the airship, but as chance had it, they had not entered the pilot-house.

Kate leaped up the stairs like a young gazelle. When she reached the landing she was surrounded by the glass windows of

the pilot-house, from whence she could see the deck and all about.

With one glance she saw that the outlaws were running down the cabin stairs, and some were even now rushing forward. They could not help but see her.

At once with a loud yell they rushed forward. Snyder and Lester were among them.

But Kate never lost her nerve. With wonderful courage she shut and locked the deck door, and made quick connection with the wire. The villains hurled themselves repeatedly against it.

"I thought you had those women locked up, Snyder!" shouted Sam Lester.

"So I did!" cried the crank, savagely. "I don't see how they got out. Open the door, you hussy!"

"Not this time, you dark scoundrel!" cried Kate, pluckily, as she twisted the wire over the knob. "This is the time you fall in your schemes again."

Then she removed the insulated key. The circuit was made and the result was beyond the expectations of the triumphant young heroine. As Snyder and two of his men struck the door they also struck a surprise.

They were hurled backward as if struck by a thunderbolt. Snyder lay stunned upon the deck. Lester and the others paused aghast. Luckily for them they guessed the secret at once.

Lester bent down over Snyder for a moment. When he rose his face was purple with anger and chagrin.

He rushed up to the pilot-house windows and shook his fist at Kate.

"Come out of there and turn off that current!" he shouted. "If you don't it will be the worse for you!"

For answer Kate stepped to the keyboard and pressed the rotoscope lever. In an instant the airship leaped aloft.

Some of the gang who were coming over the rail leaped back to the earth in fright. Those below gaped in surprise and dismay as the airship sped zenithward.

But Kate, calm and resolute, stood at the keyboard, having the best of the situation.

CHAPTER XXI.

VILLANY DEFEATED.

Young Frank Reade and his companions in the cavern saw the airship suddenly leap aloft.

They did not understand the reason for it and were dismayed and astonished.

"Golly!" cried Scipio. "I done reckon someone in dat crowd knows how to work de airship all right."

"It is probably Snyder!" declared Frank. "This is too bad."

"But why have they gone off so uncere-moniously, and left so many of their crew behind!" asked Jack Haynes. This was indeed strange, and puzzled our explorers. They continued to watch the airship until suddenly the outlaws in the crater changed to catch sight of them.

The result was exciting.

Instantly there was an uproar, and fire was opened on the explorers. Of course it was returned. A small battle was soon in progress.

But our friends being sheltered soon drove the outlaws out of the crater.

Then a new development was noted. The airship was descending.

Let us return for a time to the deck of the airship. Kate had nicely calculated the effect of the airship's leap into space upon the outlaws.

None of them had ever taken an aerial cruise before. So far above the earth fearful fright seized them.

Many rushed to the rail and seemed ready to throw themselves over and down to death. Even Sam Lester himself was terrified.

But recovering in part, he walked up to the pilot-house window, and said:

"I say, Kate, what's the use of being foolish? We have control here. Now lower the airship."

"I can't see it, Sam Lester," replied Kate coolly. "I will lower the ship if you want to get off and will promise to trouble us no more."

"Nonsense! Talk reason! You know you will have to surrender!"

"Not alive!"

"Pshaw! We are not going to hurt you."

"What do you mean by coming aboard of this airship with such a gang of ruffians?" asked Kate coldly. "You ought to be in better business, Sam Lester."

"Well, I suppose so!" replied the young villain. "But you see, I am dead in love with Grace, and it is my only way to win her!"

"You cannot win her!"

"What do you mean? Is she not on board this airship?"

"Yes, but she is beyond your reach. We know all your rascally game, Sam Lester. You are responsible for the sad fate of Harvey Ellis. You shall be punished for that."

Lester's face was purple.

"We'll see!" he hissed. "None of you will ever return to give evidence against me. Come, surrender now, or we'll destroy the airship."

"Proceed!" replied Kate. "You will encompass your own death at the same time. I am not afraid to die!"

At this moment there was a commotion

below. Yells and shrieks were heard. Grace came up into the pilot-house tremblingly.

"What's the matter?" asked Kate. "Some of those men got a shock from the engine-room door," replied Grace.

Then she drew back shuddering at sight of Lester. The villain's gaze transfixed her.

He made a step forward, but just then remembered the electric current and checked himself. He glared at the young girl wolfishly.

"At last!" he gritted. "You see, Miss Ellis, that I am as good as my word. I told you I should win you, and you cannot escape me. You are mine!"

"I will never marry you, Sam Lester," replied Grace, rigidly. "I will die first!" "Which will not be necessary," said Kate lightly. "If I chose I could drive Mr. Lester and his whole gang over the rail in two minutes. They would go back to the earth rather than risk a stay on the air-ship's deck."

But Lester laughed scornfully. "That is a very fine threat," he declared. "But its execution can exist only in your imagination."

The young girl placed her finger on a little knob on the pilot-house wall. By pushing this she knew that by means of a cleverly devised circuit of wire connections with the steel deck, she could charge all that part of the air-ship with electricity. It was one of Frank's clever inventions to provide for just such contingencies as the present.

But she had refrained from doing so from principles of humanity. She knew that it would mean the taking of many lives, and woman-like she shrank from this.

But she pressed the knob faintly. The result was that a slight tremor ran through the frame of Lester, as well as of the others on the deck. The villain understood its meaning and his face blanched.

But Kate, smiling and triumphant, stood by the keyboard. A sudden thought seemed to strike the young villain, and he whipped a revolver from his pocket.

But Kate gave the knob a slightly harder push. With a yell of agony, Lester dropped the weapon and doubled up, as did every other villain on the deck. Kate at once shut the current off.

"Well, are you satisfied?" she asked, serenely. "I am willing to spare your life and the lives of your men, if you will never molest the air-ship again."

Lester scowled and gritted: "It's your turn now!"

Snyder had now recovered and regained his feet. But it was only to meet the curses and upbraidings of Lester. Kate had now reversed the rolescope and the Polar Star was descending.

Down she went, and rested on one of the mountain crags. Then Kate pressed the electric knob to accelerate the leaving-taking of the villains.

It is needless to say that it was a success, and that in a very few moments the air-ship was clear of the gang. Then Kate touched the rolescope lever and the air-ship sprang aloft again.

"Oh, Kate!" cried Grace, with wild enthusiasm, "you are a real heroine. I could never have been so brave. You have saved the air-ship and the lives of all of us!"

But Kate only smiled modestly. "You give me too much credit," she said. "I had the necessary weapons to defeat the enemy. But now we must find Larry. I fear the villains have done him harm."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Are you trying for one of those \$500.00 Pianos we are giving away? See our grand offer on page 16.

(This story commenced in No. 261.)

Doctor Dick: OR, Ten Weeks on Lunatic Island.

By J. G. BRADLEY,
Author of "Captain Thunder," "Sinbad the Second," "The Hero of the Maine," etc., etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

DICK IS A TARGET FOR ARROWS.

After Lem had taken the two Imps and Ned and Hercules and as many of the treasures as they could carry and gone down to the shore to look for the Submarine Ram, Doctor Dick and King Flappy-Doo started in to try and explain things a little to the rest of the lunatics.

Dick commanded them to be quiet and obedient, and by being very stern with them and feeding them lots of pills and powders he finally succeeded in making them all submissive to his will.

"The Baby" was the most troublesome of any, as he was full of mischief and would not keep still a minute.

"I guess I shall have to hypnotize him," said Dick to the King. "Then he will have

to mind me, for he will not be able to do anything but what I tell him."

"How very wonderful!" said the old fellow, staring at Dick. He had never heard anything about mesmerism or hypnotism, so he could not understand him.

Dick took "the Baby" by the shoulder and made him sit down, then he stood right in front of him and looked him steadily in the eye for several minutes. The rest of the lunatics saw that there was something unusual going on, so they clustered around, but were very quiet.

Suddenly Dick began making passes with his hands over his patient's face and "the Baby" sat as still as a mouse and stared at him in wonder.

"Now close yours eyes," said Dick, putting his fingers on the lunatic's eyelids. In an instant "the Baby" shut his eyes in the most obedient manner.

"You can't open them now, for you are asleep," said Dick. "You cannot open your eyes again until I tell you."

He made a few more passes over his subject's body, and then moved away a little distance and stood looking at him.

"The Baby" never moved so much as a finger. He did not even wink, so Dick knew that he was sleeping.

"He is hypnotized now," said Dick, turning to the others. "I have put him to sleep, he cannot wake until I tell him."

The other lunatics stared at him with bewildered faces. They knew something strange had happened, but they could not understand it.

"Will he mind you now, and make no more trouble?" asked King Flappy-Doo, edging up to Dick in a nervous manner. "I think so," said Dick. "I will test him in a minute."

Then he turned and scowled at the other lunatics as hard as he could, for he intended this to be a lesson for them in obedience to their Doctor.

"You see," he said, waving his hand toward "the Baby;" "I have put him to sleep so he cannot move until I let him. Well, I shall do the same to every one of you if you are not quiet and do not mind your Doctor."

Both "Limpy" and the "Chancellor" nodded their heads to show that they understood, but the others looked sullen and decidedly ugly.

"Now, see here, you fellows," said Dick, as he faced the other six. "I know you are all pretty short of sense, but you've got to learn one thing, and that is that I am your Doctor, and you must obey me. If you don't, I shall tie your hands together."

Two of the lunatics who were so near alike in appearance that the boys called them "the twins," seemed to come to their senses a little, and nodded and smiled as Dick was talking, but the other four who had always been stupid and nearly idiotic, only stared at him blankly, until King Flappy-Doo banished his club in an alarming manner.

"Oh, they'll behave, I guess," said Dick, taking hold of the King's club. "They are never very bad. I guess we can manage them."

Just then there were three sharp whistles from the direction of the big rock, and the King mustered the rest of the lunatics in line, while Dick woke "the Baby."

"He's as meek as Moses; he'll go all right now," he said. "Here, get on the end of the line, King Flappy-Doo, and I'll go ahead and lead you."

They scrambled through the trees and bushes as fast as they could, but when they got in sight of the ocean Dick made them crawl on all-fours, so the lookout on the Ram would not see such an assembly.

"He never would take us aboard if he once got a good look at us," thought Dick, "and I'm mighty sure I should not blame him if he didn't."

He peered through the bushes and caught sight of the submarine boat; she was about a mile from the shore, lying right on top of the water.

Dick was dreadfully nervous, but he tried hard not to show it, for he knew that if he lost his nerve for even a minute the lunatics would be on the rampage and nothing could stop them.

He made them all lie low in the bushes, while he took a look around; he wanted to locate the Imps whom he heard yelling like hyenas.

In a second he saw them both capering around on the beach. They would have swam out to the Ram if their hands had not been tied behind them.

Neither Lem nor Ned were anywhere to be seen, but Dick knew that they were hidden somewhere near there in the bushes.

"You see the scheme, don't you, Flappy?" said Dick to the King. "My assistants have left the two Imps alone on the beach so that the people on the boat would see them and come to their rescue. If they don't send a boat ashore we shall know that they haven't one, and when they come nearer I shall put the Imps in the boat and make them row while I squat down behind them with my revolver ready until I see whether my reception is to be hostile or friendly."

"If it is friendly," went on Dick, "I shall make some kind of a deal with them to take us all on board, and if the boat won't hold us they must leave some of the Imps on Lunatic Island."

"They are only monkeys anyway," said

the King, with unusual promptness. "They live on roots and fruits, they would not suffer as we have."

"That is right," said Dick, "so I shall not hesitate to leave them here, just as many as are necessary to make room for us and our treasures."

"But can you manage the boat?" asked the King, who had caught sight of it. "I'll try to," said Dick, "and I have done everything I ever undertook to do."

Just then there seemed to be something happening on board the Ram.

She came higher above the water and a sort of trap-door in her deck popped open and up came a lot of creatures that did not look bigger than monkeys.

"They have heard the yelling and seen the Imps," cried Dick. "Hurrah! Now they'll certainly come ashore if they have anything to come in."

There was a movement in the bushes very near Dick just then, and Ned's head popped out as he took a look about him.

"Lie low," called Dick. "The lookout has discovered your stool pigeons and is coming ashore. Don't let them see you until we know what they are going to do!"

"I won't," said Ned, "but how the mischief did you succeed in making the lunatics so quiet? Why, they look like a flock of lambs lying there in the bushes. You must have exhausted your medicine chest completely."

"I did almost," said Dick with a smile, "but I had to try my hand at hypnotizing 'the Baby.'"

"Did you succeed?" asked Ned, who was slowly crawling nearer. "If you did I wish you'd hypnotize those fellows on the Ram so that they'll all be incapable of shooting any arrows."

"How many of those little Imps can you count, Ned?" asked Dick, after he had waited to see that the Ram was slowly creeping nearer.

"There are six on deck and there must be at least one down below, for surely there's an engineer and perhaps an assistant."

"Well, it's safe to say that the Ram will hold ten of those little fellows, and perhaps eleven or twelve, and as there are fourteen of us big fellows, I am pretty well puzzled to know how we'll manage."

"Oh, we'll have to divide our forces on deck and inside. There's probably a low railing that we can tie the lunatics to and as long as the water is smooth they'll stick all right, I guess," said Ned, sighing.

"If we could only inveigle those little fellows ashore," said Dick, gazing out over the water, "but they evidently have no boat or they would not risk wrecking the Ram by bringing her so close to the shore as they are doing."

"By Jove, that's so! They are getting reckless," cried Ned. "There are lots of rocks right ahead of them. I have seen them sticking out at low water. Oh, if there was only some way of warning them. They'll wreck her, sure as shooting!"

"And that will be the end of our plans for escape," said Dick, excitedly, "but her lookout may know the way; they are coming very carefully."

The two Imps on the shore were still screeching lustily, for the sight of their friends on the Ram had nearly driven them frantic.

If they had had the use of their hands they would no doubt have made signs to them, but Dick thought perhaps it was just as well as there was no telling what they might say.

The Ram kept coming nearer and the boys both held their breath, and finally Lem got so excited that he crawled out of the bushes and almost stood up straight as he crept over nearer Dick and Ned and the flock of scared lunatics.

"They've either got a good pilot or a poor one on that craft," he said. "I don't see what he is thinking about to come any nearer."

"I think I'll take the chances of warning her," said Dick suddenly. "I've got to show up some time, if I am to get acquainted with the captain, and I might as well do it when his craft is in danger."

He jumped up suddenly and ran down to the beach.

"Be careful! Look out for the rocks!" he yelled, waving his arms about as intelligently as he was able.

In less than a second the Ram stood almost still and a perfect volley of small arrows came hissing over the water and fell all around the spot where Dick was standing.

Without so much as a groan Dick threw both arms up in the air and fell flat on the ground as though they had killed him.

CHAPTER XX.

AN EXPLOSION ON THE RAM.

For just one second after Dick fell to the ground with the arrows whizzing all around him his friend Ned was too paralyzed with horror to move a muscle, but the next instant he would have sprung to his feet and rushed down to the shore if Lem had not grabbed him with a grip of iron.

"Keep still, he's only fooling them! Don't let them see you for a fortune! Ha! Ha! That's a clever trick of Dick's; nobody but him would ever have thought of it!"

"What the deuce do you mean?" asked Ned, excitedly. "He is killed, I am sure of it; let me go to him this minute!"

"I tell you he's all right and you must not raise your head above these bushes! That's right, keep them down!" Lem cried, turning to the King as he heard him scolding the lunatics.

"Doctor Dick is not hurt; he is only shamming! I was watching very carefully and not an arrow hit him!"

"I say, Dick, are you dead or alive?" Ned called out, but he obeyed Lem's orders not to raise his head above the bushes.

"I'm all right; they never touched me!" called back Dick without moving. "They think I'm dead and they'll feel easier now about coming ashore to get their comrades. Keep your eye on them, Ned, and tell me what they are doing; I can't see them very well the way I am lying!"

"Didn't I tell you so?" said Lem, taking his hand from Ned's shoulder. "I knew they didn't hit him; that was just a clever scheme of the Doctor's!"

He crawled over to where the King was having some trouble with his subjects, and rolling "the Baby" over in the grass, sat down on him good and solid.

"Now I guess you'll keep still for a minute or two," he said. "Here, Flappy, take your club and just punch Limpy a little. We've got to keep them down if we have to tie their feet together."

The King prodded Limpy and scolded him with a vengeance, and in a very few minutes he had them all pretty quiet.

"They are not making any headway at all that I can see," called Ned to Dick, "and there are eight of those little fellows on deck; I can see them distinctly."

"How near is she?" asked Dick, still lying flat on the ground.

"Almost to the point; she can't come much nearer without going aground," was Ned's answer. "As it is, that craft can't be drawing much water."

"Are they watching me, do you think?" was Dick's next question.

"No, they are dancing around like mice on a hot griddle. I think they are about two-thirds wild over the fate of their two countrymen."

"Don't the Imps yell fine?" said Dick, with a laugh.

The little fellows were tied about twenty feet from him, and had hardly stopped squealing since they first spied the boat and their companions.

"They are not looking in your direction now, Dick; in fact, three of them have gone down below and there's some great excitement among them. Can't you jump up now and dart behind a tree? Quick!" Ned yelled, and in a second Dick had followed his advice.

When Dick was safely behind a tree he took a good look at the submarine boat and he could see at once that there was something the matter.

"They've lost control of her, I'll bet!" he yelled to Ned. "Do you see how they are acting and how she seems to be rolling about?"

"There's something wrong all right," said Ned, "but I don't believe they know what it is. See! there are two of those little fellows with their spears between their teeth. Hello! There they go overboard! They are going to swim ashore, just as sure as shooting!"

"Well, we'd better stop talking just as soon as they reach the shore," called Dick. "Not that I'm afraid they'll understand us, but our voices may scare them. I'll go down and meet them if they arrive without their spears, but if they don't, I'm afraid I'll have to send a bullet in their direction."

They all waited a few minutes with their eyes on the water, but the little chaps were swimming under the surface so far that they could not locate them.

The Ram was bobbing up and down now in a curious manner, and King Flappy-Doo was having a hard time to control his subjects and keep them from rushing back to the shanties.

The bushes were almost as high as trees, so it was not so difficult to keep them concealed as it would have been if they had been lower, but now and then one of the lunatics would make a break for the clearing and then King Flappy-Doo would grab him by the leg and yank him back in a comical manner.

All of a sudden two black heads popped up from the water and the boys caught a glimpse of two glistening spears balanced between two sets of teeth that were nearly as big as the baboon, Jocko's.

Bang! Bang! went Dick's pistol, and the heads dropped below the water. There was not even a ripple on the surface a minute later.

"Now you've done it!" cried Ned. "There's the deuce to pay on the Ram! They know something has happened to their friends and they are all going crazy!"

"By Jove, I believe the idiots are going to try and come nearer with that boat! Oh, I wish there was some way to warn them!" cried Dick, coming out of his concealment.

Sure enough, the submarine boat had suddenly put on steam and was heading straight for the island and kicking up the water behind in a furious manner.

"Guess they are going to ram the island," said Lem, coming out of the bushes. "Gee! she looks like a monstrous whale, and she's coming like chain lightning!"

Even the Imps on the shore stopped yelling now, and the lunatics were so scared that they never thought of running.

Straight as an arrow came the black-looking craft, her sharp nose almost lifting itself out of the water with every jerk of the propeller.

Suddenly she stopped short and shook with a regular convulsion from stem to stern; the next second there was an explosion that could have been heard for miles, and small pieces of the submarine Ram were blown in every direction.

"She struck a rock and then blew up; there must be explosives on board!" cried Ned, as soon as he could catch his breath.

"She was full of compressed air and they didn't know their danger. The Pirate must have been the only one that knew how to run her," said Lem, who was looking at a monstrous piece of iron that had fallen near him.

"It's a miracle that none of us are hurt!" said Dick, "but for goodness sake, Ned, help me catch 'the Baby'!"

Dick darted down to the shore after the old lunatic, who was running like a race-horse.

Before Dick could catch him he had plunged headlong into the ocean.

"He's gone for good!" cried Lem, who was close on Dick's heels.

He grabbed Dick by the arm and pulled him back from the water.

"Oh, I must save him!" cried Dick, but Lem had already passed him and was dragging "the Baby" up from the bottom.

"He's drowned!" said Lem, "or else he's full of water." He began rolling the old fellow, but could not revive him.

"He must have burst a blood vessel or something when he fell; he couldn't have drowned so quick. Why, he was under less than a minute."

Dick had run back into the bushes to help King Flappy-Doo, for the old fellow was having his hands full now with his subjects.

"That's the end of the Pirate and his Ram," said Ned to Lem. "See, there are three dead bodies of Imps floating out there on the water."

"Poor little wretches! I expect they were all killed," said Lem. "The shock of an explosion like that is bound to be fatal."

"Well, that settles our getting away from the island, I expect, and Dick will feel pretty badly about that," said Ned, as he turned to go over and help with the lunatics.

Lem dragged the body of "the Baby" back into the bushes, and by that time Dick had got his patients into line again, and was prepared to march them back to the shanties.

When Lem looked at him he saw that there were tears in his eyes, and he realized all at once what a great disappointment the blowing up of the Ram had been to him.

"Never mind, Dick, it was probably all for the best! You take these wild-eyed critters back to the shanties and get them quiet, and Ned and I will hang around a while and see what happens. We'll bury 'the Baby' after dark, I guess. It won't do to say anything about it now, not even to King Flappy."

"You are right, Lem," said Dick; "be sure and bring the little fellows back with you when you come, and don't forget to keep an eye on the gold and jewels."

CHAPTER XXI.

NED FINDS NEWS OF A STEAMER.

After Dick and King Flappy-Doo had started back to the shanties with the greatly excited lunatics, Ned and Lem patrolled the shore for a considerable distance.

They found two or three monstrous pieces of iron and a great many small pieces, which showed that the submarine boat had been blown into atoms. After a few minutes Ned screamed to Lem that he had found a compass and that the glass was broken, but that otherwise it was uninjured.

"And I've found a part of one of those poor little Imps," answered Lem, who was some distance away; "but he's so badly mutilated that his own mother wouldn't know him."

Ned glanced at the two Imps who were tied on the shore, and could not help pitying them deeply, they looked so terrified at what had happened.

"If I only could make you little fellows understand me," he said, coming up to them. "I would tell you that you should not be hurt as long as you are with us, but I suppose you expect to be tortured or killed any moment."

The little fellows looked up at him with their beady eyes, but there was no expression in their faces, except that of horror.

"I wish I was a diver," said Ned, as Lem joined him. "I'd like to go down and examine the wreck of the Ram. I might find some strange things and perhaps some valuable ones."

"I guess not many," said Lem, with a laugh; "unless you were able to dive all over the ocean. I'll bet there are pieces of that boat in Australia by this time. Why, a piece went whizzing by my ear that hasn't stopped yet, I'm certain."

"I saw something fall over in that direction," said Ned, pointing toward some low bushes. "Let's take a walk over there, Lem, and see if we can find it."

They went over toward the bushes, and

searched for a few minutes, and finally they found a queer looking object.

"I guess it's the ship's strong-box," said Lem. "To be sure, it's round, and it doesn't look as if it would open, still I'm pretty sure it's the strong-box, and that there is something of value in it."

They turned it over and over, but could find no way of opening it, and Ned finally dropped it on the ground, as if he was disgusted.

"It's nothing but a bowling ball made of ebony instead of lignum vitae. You can't make me think it's of any importance whatever," he said, crossly.

"Well, you've opened it, anyway, by dropping it," cried Lem, and sure enough the ball had opened exactly as if it had been split right through the center.

Ned picked it up again and held it on his knee.

"Yes, here's the spring. I can feel it. I must have struck it squarely on that stone, and see, Lem, here's another small ball inside. I can open this one easily," and he opened the little box without any special effort.

"Papers," said Lem, pulling them out of the box. "Pshaw! They are written in Chinese or Hindi or something. Hello, no, all of them are not; here's one in good English."

He opened the paper and spread it out on his knee and read as follows, while Ned listened breathlessly:

"Steamer Adelaide, from Melbourne, due to pass lost location of Mysterious Island three days from date. Look out for the Pirate of the Pacific."

This was all Lem read, and they could not understand it at all, but in a second Lem gave a whoop that Ned knew must mean something.

"Three days from date," he said, turning back to the date of the letter. "Why, that will make it to-morrow, as sure as shooting!"

"What! A steamer will pass here to-morrow?" cried Ned. "Gee whiz! Then we must hustle and prepare some signals."

Lem was puzzling over the letter, and beginning to look blue again.

"I'm not so sure of her passing here," he said, after a minute. "She is booked to pass the lost location of the Mysterious Islands, but how are we to know that the islands have not shifted?"

"Oh, that seems impossible," said Ned, who had never credited that story. "I don't believe the islands have ever moved at all. That's a yarn the captains tell to excuse their own cowardice or stupidity."

In the first place, you know yourself, Lem, they are all afraid of these waters, because of the Pirate; and in the second place, they are afraid of the islands because they don't know who lives on them. No, sir, if the Mysterious Islands have ever been located at all, they'll be located again, and if that paper doesn't lie there'll be a steamer here by to-morrow."

"Well, how did this paper come in the Pirate's possession, if the steamer has not already passed and been sent to the bottom and looted by the Pirate?"

"Now, you are asking me too much," said Ned, growing solemn in a minute. "It does look as though she had met with foul play, and yet I can't get over the feeling that she will pass here to-morrow."

"Well, I hope she does, and I'll have the signals ready anyway," said Lem more cheerfully. "I know the International Code, and one or two others, so if she comes within hailing distance I can speak her with them."

"But what will you make your signal flags out of, Lem?" asked Ned, as they started toward the shanties.

"Our shirts and trousers, of course," said Lem, laughing. "They are only an apology for clothing now. I guess it won't hurt them any to wig-wag with them a little."

"I've heard of tattered battle-flags before," said Ned, looking down at his trousers. "Well, if they'll talk loud enough to be heard by the 'Adelaide,' I shall not be grudge them, I can assure you."

"Hello, we've forgotten the Imps!" cried Lem, all of a sudden.

"And the jewel case, too. Good gracious, how stupid," said Ned, turning back.

"There's no one to steal either the Imps or the gold," said Lem. "I wish someone would steal the Imps, for I'm tired taking care of them."

As they hurried back to the shore they saw the bags of gold and the jewel case standing just where they had left them, but there was not a trace of the Imps in any direction.

"They must have wiggled their hands loose and then gnawed through the vines," said Lem, as he picked up the bonds that his captives had broken.

"Now, the question is," said Ned, "have they taken to the water to drown with their friends, or have they established themselves as inhabitants of the island?"

"A question which we will have to settle promptly, for our own good," said Lem, "for if they are loose on the island, they are liable to make us a good deal of trouble."

"There they are," cried Ned. "I just saw their heads above the water! They are swimming around the spot where the Ram went down, or, rather, where she went up. The poor little fellows!"

"They are looking for their friends, and they'll never find them," replied Lem. "I call that a sad sight, even if the little critters are not human."

"Perhaps they think that they are human and that we are not," said Ned; "but what do you say, Lem; shall we shoot them and end their troubles, or leave them to their fate? Either way seems cruel."

"I hate to shoot them, but I guess it would be more humane," said Lem.

"Hello! Where are they? I can't see either of their topknots."

"Gone down for good, I guess," said Ned, after watching steadily for several minutes.

"Well, I'm rather glad of it. I presume they preferred drowning to shooting."

"I'll carry the jewel case and you bring as much of the gold as you can," said Lem, picking up the heavy box. "We can come back after the rest when we see how things are going up at the shanty."

They made the trip back to the shanties and found Dick waiting for them. He had succeeded in quieting the lunatics, but was feeling badly discouraged.

"Brace up, Dick!" cried Ned. "I've got some news for you, old fellow."

He began telling him about the ship's strong-box, and the curious letter.

"You see, Dick, if the island has not moved since the last time it was located we are all right," he explained. "It sounds foolish, but Lem says it's a fact, that the Mysterious Islands do shift their latitude and longitude."

"Do you know when the islands were located last?" asked Dick turning to Lem.

"About two months before we left Sidney, I think," said the sailor. "I heard the captain of the 'Ocean Queen' say so the day we left harbor."

"Well, this island has not shifted its position since we arrived on it," said Dick, "for if it had we would have noticed the difference in temperature directly."

"That's so. I never thought of that," cried Ned in delight. "It's been just warm and comfortable ever since we came here."

"Well, I shall look out for the 'Adelaide' to-morrow," said Dick; "but I'm of Lem's opinion, that she's lying at the bottom. There's no other way to account for the Pirate having possession of those papers—unless—"

"Unless what?" cried Ned as Dick hesitated a moment.

"Unless he has a friend in Sidney who notified him of the time a steamer sails so as to give him a chance to watch for her and ram her."

"That's quite possible," said Lem. "I never thought of that. I'll start this minute to arrange about my code of signals."

"That means that we have got to pull off, does it, Lem?"

Dick began to stare as Ned started to pull off his clothes.

"Oh, you can wear your duds until the steamer is sighted," said Lem, laughing; "but you had better be getting a new costume ready, and I guess you'll have to adopt the prevailing style on Lunatic Island."

"That means that we wear palm leaves and feathers," cried Ned, with a grimace. "I only hope that I will be a credit to the Lunatic Island tailor."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

If you are not wearing a good watch it is your own fault. We offer a good one for only 75 cents. See 16th page.

[This story commenced in No. 261.]

Hustling Bob;

OR,

THE SMARTEST BOY IN TOWN.

By P. T. RAYMOND,

Author of "10,000 Miles from Home," "Lost Hopes Mines," "His Own Master," "The Timberdale Twins," etc.

CHAPTER XXII.

ROBINSON'S ROOST.

Once more Bob was on the verge of discovery, and once again he was fortunate enough to escape.

Instantly he extinguished the lantern and drew back.

"It's the sheriff again," he breathed to Nellie. "I don't want him to take me like a rat in a trap. Now that your brother is dead, there is no need. We can get the money and I can face the music then better than I can now."

"You are quite right, Bob," was Nellie's whispered answer. "I don't want you to run the least risk on my account."

There was no time to say any more, for the sheriff and his men had already entered the cave and were flashing their lanterns about.

They did not discover anything, however, and this in spite of the fact that the sheriff himself looked into the hole, saying as he did so:

"Wonder whether this amounts to anything or not, boys? No, I reckon he isn't here."

Then in a few moments they were all gone, and Bob and Nellie found themselves alone once more with the chance to make whatever move seemed best to them without fear.

"I think we could start down the hill now all right," remarked Bob. "I'll take you home and we will notify your father of the state of things here. Later I can return to Robinson's Roost and find out if your brother's words were true."

"No," replied Nellie, decidedly. "We won't do it that way at all. We both go to the Roost together, and then we go home."

"But your brother—"

"I have no brother. I have had none for years. Ed was always a bad fellow, Bob; he always made us trouble; his insanity was the result of his own dissipation. Father cast him off years ago."

"If you say so, we will wait, then, Nellie."

"I do say so. It can do poor Ed no harm now, and it may do you good. Come, Bob, let us go."

Bob lost no time in getting out of the cave.

The rain had now ceased, but the night was very dark and the wind was blowing fiercely.

"You are not afraid of the old house, are you, Nellie?" asked Bob, as they walked along under the cliffs.

"Afraid! No! Why should I be afraid?"

"You have heard the strange stories they tell about it, I suppose?"

"Nonsense, Bob! As though I believed in ghosts! That's all rubbish, and don't scare me."

But Bob certainly can be excused for putting the question.

Robinson's Roost had an evil name, if ever a house had.

It had been built many years before by a farmer who thought he could make money on the upland farm which lay behind it. Here he lived alone with a hired man for a long time, going to Brookville to buy supplies from time to time, until one day it was noticed that many weeks had elapsed since "old man Robinson" had been down the hill.

This set people to talking, and at last they went up to the house to look for him, finding the body of the old man on the kitchen floor with a bullet in his back.

Who killed him or how he met his death was never known, but it was certainly a case of murder.

No money was found in the house, nor was the hired man ever seen again, and it was generally believed that he had shot the old farmer and stolen his cash.

These were the facts, and since then rumor had it that Robinson's Roost was haunted, and that old Robinson's ghost walked about the deserted rooms at night.

Bob had often heard strange tales of mysterious lights seen at the windows late at night, but he never was able to find a man who had actually seen old Robinson's ghost.

"Were you ever inside the old ranch?" he asked Nellie, as they walked along.

"Oh, yes, several times," was the reply. "We used to have picnics up here some years ago."

"Then you know just where it is?"

"Certainly. If we keep on as we are going we shall come to it in a moment. It stands right at the edge of another precipice, and there is a road leading down off the hill just beyond it. Were you never there?"

"Never," replied Bob. "I've had all I could do without going pleasuring. The sheriff don't seem to have come this way, Nellie. I guess we are safe on that score."

"Yes, and there's the Roost. A dismal-looking old place, is it not?"

"It is! Hark! Didn't you hear voices?"

"No, it is only the wind."

"It seemed to me that I heard someone calling, but probably I was mistaken. Well, here we are, sure enough. Oh, Nellie, it seems too good to be true! If we can only find that money and restore it to the bank I shall be the happiest fellow on earth. I tell you, it is an awful thing to be constantly hunted as I have been these last few years."

"I can imagine it, Bob. I have felt much the same way. We never knew when my brother was going to appear, and when I think of that dreadful night when he dragged me out of my room and tied me to the railroad track—oh, Bob, if it hadn't been for you that night, just think what my fate would have been!"

"We won't think of it, Nellie. We will look forward, not back. Here we are. Upon my word I don't wonder people feel afraid of this house. I never saw such a dismal place before."

It was dismal-looking, and no mistake.

Planted up there in the hillside, almost at the edge of the precipice, the very situation of the old farm house made it lonely beyond all description.

What it might have been in the days of old Robinson seen in the bright sunlight was one thing; what it was now on that dark, stormy night, quite another.

The windows were all broken, the roof had partly tumbled in, rank weeds grew thick in the little garden, and the whole place bore an air of ruin and desolation.

It was no wonder that simple-minded people were afraid of Robinson's Roost and talked of ghosts.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Nellie, drawing

back. "I don't like the idea of going in there, Bob."

"Don't go, then," said Bob. "I'll go it alone."

"But I don't want you to go—I—oh, Bob! Bob! Look up there!"

She seized Bob's arm and pointed up to the windows in the second story.

A light flashed behind them, passing from window to window.

Bob thought he could see the figure of a tall man behind it.

Suddenly there was a resounding crash inside the house, as though the whole crazy structure was falling, and a wild cry rang out upon the night.

Instantly the light vanished and all was still.

CHAPTER XXIII.

BOB FACES THE SHERIFF AT LAST.

"Oh, Bob! Come away! Come away quick!" cried Nellie, clutching our hero's arm.

"No," said Bob, decidedly. "I was bound to go in there before, and I'm more than ever determined now. Let me go, Nellie, but don't you come."

But Bob's earnest words helped Nellie to recover from her fright, and when he pulled away and started for the door, she followed him.

The door proved to be unfastened, and Bob flashed his lantern about a large room partially furnished, and thick with dirt and dust.

The ceiling had fallen, and the wind had blown oak leaves and acorns in from the big tree which stood outside.

The acorns, falling among the rubbish and water through the leaky roof, had sprouted and a dozen or more young trees were growing apparently rooted to the floor.

Bob stood on the threshold listening.

Certainly there was someone groaning on the floor above.

"I can't stand it, Bob!" breathed Nellie. "Come away! Do come away! We'll try it in the day time, but not now."

It was too much for the poor girl's nerves, tried as they had been, and she hurried back into the yard.

"Stay there, Nellie!" cried Bob. "I must and will know what this means."

He pushed on toward the stairs, which opened directly out of the room, but when he came to flash the lantern up he saw that the way was blocked by a fallen partition, a mass of bricks and other rubbish, and above all he could hear the groans.

"Nellie!" he called, running back, "there is someone up there—someone suffering. The old Roost is falling to pieces. It will blow down in a few moments. I must go up and see what it all means."

Then Bob ran boldly up the stairs and tried to raise the fallen mass.

A fierce gust of wind swept over the old house. It rocked and trembled. Bricks and beams were heard falling above, but Bob could not move the obstruction, and in a moment he appeared in the open again.

"I can't do it, Nellie!" he exclaimed; "but I heard someone calling up there; we must go for help."

"Help! Help!"

It seemed to be the echo of the brave boy's words borne upon the wind.

The cry came from the upper story of the Roost, and Bob could no longer doubt that a human being was imprisoned there.

"I'll get to him!" he cried. "Wait here, Nellie, and don't you be afraid."

He flung aside his coat and hat, and ran to the big oak tree, "shinning" up the trunk until he reached the crotch, and then on to a long limb which extended out over the ruined roof of the Roost.

Nellie watched him breathlessly as he seized the limb with both hands and letting himself drop, began slowly working his way out to the roof.

"Oh, Bob! Do be careful!" cried Nellie, when all at once she was startled by hearing a rush of feet behind her and several men came dashing into the yard.

"Why, there's the boy now!" shouted one. "See him there on that limb! And, by Jove, here's Wendell's daughter! I knew it was she who gave us away. Where's the sheriff? Can he be inside the house?"

Some seized Nellie, but the man who had spoken ran forward, and, throwing up his rifle, took aim at Bob.

"Drop!" he shouted. "Drop, or I'll fire! It don't make no difference to me, Bob Richards, whether I take you dead or alive!"

By this time Bob was hanging over the fallen roof.

Alarmed by Nellie's scream, he looked back, and saw what had happened.

"Come and take me, if you want me!" he shouted, "but don't you harm that lady. Your business is not with her!"

"Bang!" went the rifle.

The shot whizzed past Bob's head as he let go his hold and went flying down into the upper story of the Roost through the fallen roof.

He landed upon a mass of rubbish and sprang to his feet.

The lantern which he had tied about his waist had been extinguished by the fall, but he hastened to strike a match and light it again, listening as he did so to the shouts outside.

"Up-stairs there with you, boys! We must take him dead or alive!"

"No, no! The old shebang is doomed! See her rock! She's going to collapse altogether."

"No, she hain't! Get in there! Get in!"

"Get in yourself, and take the risk. I don't."

"You're cowards, every one of you! I'll go myself, if no one else will go!"

Such were the cries which Bob was listening to now.

Suddenly there came another right beside him.

"Help me! Help me! I'm being crushed to death!"

If this was a ghost he certainly had a good strong voice.

Bob flashed the lantern about and saw that the big chimney had fallen down to the floor level, having lost the support of the roof.

With it had come the partition which blocked the stairway, and under the mass of bricks Bob could see a man's head and shoulders projecting.

It was Sheriff Mason, of Janesburg, and he recognized Bob with a startled cry.

"Don't kill me! Don't kill me, Bob Richards!" he yelled, as the boy rushed forward. "I'll let up on you if you only set me free!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

CONCLUSION.

"Don't you be a fool, Mr. Mason! Am I a murderer? You know better. Stop that noise. I'll help you if I can."

This was Bob all over. He could not pass his worst enemy by in trouble.

He set down the lantern and began hustling with the bricks, taking care to throw them on top of the fallen partition against which the sheriff's right-hand man, John Ashley, was pounding for all he was worth.

"Bob, I'm a goner," groaned the sheriff. "I came in here to look for you while the boys went on further. Oh, I wish I hadn't now."

"Brace up till I get these bricks off of you," replied Bob. "I'll have you out of here all right. Good heavens! What's this?"

There among the bricks Bob had suddenly come upon an old leather grip, all crushed out of shape, which seemed to be well stuffed with something.

It had evidently come down with the chimney, and underneath it as Bob pulled it up lay a new cash-box which was plainly marked with Mr. Wendell's name.

"It's the money! It's the money belonging to the Janesburg bank, and Mr. Wendell's money, too!" shouted Bob. "It's all true, just as he said it. I am saved!"

He had forced open the grip, and turned it toward the lantern now.

It was stuffed full of great packages of greenbacks.

Just as the lunatic had taken them from the bank and hidden them in the fallen chimney there they were now.

"What is it?" cried the sheriff, forgetting his fear in his amazement. "Did you hide the bank money here, Bob?"

"I! Never! The thief hid it, and I can prove who he was. Sheriff, you have no use for me now."

"Don't leave me! Don't leave me, Bob! This old Roost is going to fall!" yelled the sheriff, as Bob seized the cash-box and the bag and hurried to the hole in the roof.

He had no notion of doing so. Tossing the box and grip out through the hole, they fell at the feet of John Ashley, who had given it up and came outside again.

Then Bob returned to his work and tossed the bricks aside with a will, explaining the situation to the astonished sheriff as he worked.

"Great heavens! Why, it's a bag full of greenbacks!" cried John Ashley, as the bundles of bills came tumbling about his head.

"Get a rope or something!" yelled Bob. "The sheriff is up here!" Get a rope so that I may lower him down!"

He had Mr. Mason free now, but the man was so badly bruised that he could scarcely stand.

"Bob, I'm glad of it!" he said. "You're a good fellow—a noble fellow. I never could quite believe you guilty. I'm your friend from this night on."

"We want to get out of here quick!" cried Bob, as a gust of wind struck the old house, causing it to rock worse than ever. "We can't wait for help. The old thing is going to fall!"

He rushed to the window and kicked out the sash.

"Drop out of there!" he cried. "Do it now!"

"I can't; it will kill me. My ankle is sprained," was the reply.

"Here, let yourself down and hold on to my hands! I can lower you so near the ground that you can't come to any harm," persisted Bob, and that was exactly what he did. Bracing his legs against the window he helped the sheriff out and lowered him as far as he could.

"There you go!" he shouted, and as the sheriff dropped a great cry went up from those outside, for at the same instant a loud noise was heard and without other warning the old house went down all in a heap, carrying the brave boy with it, while

the men shouted and Nellie screamed and the wind howled over the mill louder than ever.

It looked to be the end of our hero then, but no one could say that Bob had not hustled to the last.

"What's this I hear about Bob Somers, Wendell?" demanded Squire Evans, meeting the Congressman on the street next morning as the Hon. James S. sprang out of his carriage in front of the bank.

"I don't know what you have heard about him, Squire," was the reply.

"Why, I heard he was killed last night up at Robinson's Roost by that Pennsylvania sheriff and—"

"And as the beginning of your news is a lie the end is probably equally false," interrupted Mr. Wendell. "Bob is now in my house pretty badly bruised, but no more dead than I am. He's a noble fellow, and he has suffered a lot and I'm going to stand by him. Instead of the sheriff killing him, he saved the sheriff's life, and what's more, has made a friend of him. There's a whole lot more to it, Squire, but I can't tell it now. My son Edward is dead. You remember him? Yes? Well, I'll tell you the rest some other time."

Up at Mr. Wendell's house there was sadness and there was also rejoicing.

Bob lay in one room and the corpse of Edward Wendell lay in another.

It was the sheriff and his posse who took hold and rescued Bob from the ruins of Robinson's Roost, and when Mr. Wendell came with his carriage at daylight it was the sheriff and his men who helped him to carry the body of his wayward son from the cave.

Two days later there was a funeral at the Wendell mansion, to which none but the family came.

One year later there was a wedding, to which all Brookville was invited.

Mr. Robert Richards was the groom, Miss Nellie Wendell the bride, and no such swell affair was ever seen in Brookville before.

And why not?

Our hustling Bob was now one of the most successful business men in town, and the Hon. James S., whose fortune was saved by the recovery of his cash-box, was soon able to make good his losses and was as well off as ever at the end of those twelve months.

Immediately after his recovery Bob went to Janesburg to face his accusers. Nellie and her father accompanied him, for it was thought necessary that the brave girl should appear as a witness to her brother's dying words.

But Bob found no accusers in Janesburg. Sheriff Mason had settled all that, and the stolen cash was already secure in the vaults of the bank.

Instead of finding trouble to face in his native town, Hustling Bob found himself the hero of the hour.

Indeed, the townspeople would have given him a public reception, but Bob would not listen to this, and he hurried away on Nellie's account.

The stone business boomed that year as it never had before, and with Mabie's earnest help Bob was able to pay all his debts and his wedding day found him owing no man anything but love.

Charley King stood up with him and he was happily married to the girl of his choice.

Since then Bob has grown rich and is today one of the foremost men in town.

Now, just suppose for argument's sake, that Bob, when he broke jail and ran away from Janesburg, had given up in despair and laid down under his troubles as many another might have done, where would he have come out?

No doubt he would have gone to the bad altogether, and—what right have we to suppose anything of the sort?

With our hero such a thing was impossible.

He was HUSTLING BOB.

[THE END.]

We have sent out over 50,000 Dewey Medals so far to our readers. Have you secured one? See 16th page.

A wonderful growth discovered some time ago in the sandy dry plains of Mexico seems, after all, not to be such a wonder as it was at first believed to be. A species of cactus, the *Foguiers*, growing in the shape of a tapered column, is rather commonly found thirty feet or more in height. One specimen, however, was found bent into a huge arch both ends of which entered the soil at a distance of six yards from each other. In the centre of the arch a shoot grew out, which is now more than ten feet long. How did this oddity grow thus? The question was answered in a very simple way the other day. An old herder related that, when he was young, he and other cowboys lassoed for fun the highest of the tall cactuses they found, and, pulling it down they buried the top of the column in the sand. This end grew roots, and a few years after the superabundance of vitality of this cactus forced for itself a way out in the new shoot, although this species never grows branches ordinarily. Now the plant looks like a gigantic spur.

A Little Fun.

Good Man—Do you know where little boys go that smoke cigarettes? Bad Boy—Yep. Dey goes out in de woodshed.

Mrs. La Salle—You said Mrs. Wabash got her furniture on the installment plan, didn't you? Mrs. Dearborn—Yes; she's had four husbands and got a little with each one.

Guest (attempting to carve)—What kind of a chicken is this, anyhow? Waiter—Dat's a genuine Plymouth Rock, sah. Guest (throwing up both hands)—That explains it. I knew she was an old timer.

"What are those queer looking trophies the Filipinos wear around their necks?" asked the raw recruit. "Them's the medals for the century runs they've made during the war," replied the Kansas volunteer.

"I tell you," said Sammy Snaggs, "that man talked straight from the shoulder." "Samuel," said Mr. Snaggs, severely, "you should not use slang." "But, father, this was a deaf and dumb man, and he used the sign language."

It was the first time little four-year-old Willie had ever seen a snake, and as it writhed and squirmed along, he ran into the house to tell of his discovery. "Oh, mamma!" he exclaimed, "come here, quick; here's a tail wagging without any dog."

Mr. Lawhead—Why do you treat me so coldly? Why didn't you answer the note I wrote you last Thursday? Miss Brushley—Sir, I don't wish to have anything more to say to you. You began your note by saying you "thought you would drop me a line." I want you to understand that I'm not a fish.

"Polypigolo," said the King of the Cannibal Islands to his chef, "among the captives are an Irishman and his son." "Yes, Your Majesty." "I heard the parent refer to his son as a brother of a boy." "Quite right, Your Majesty. That is a Hibernian expression." "Nevertheless, it has given me an idea. You make soup of the boy."

The man came out of an office building on the run and started down the street. "Here, here!" cried the policeman on the corner. "What's your hurry?" "There's a man back there trying to sell me a book on 28 weekly installments of \$2.33 each!" cried the victim. The policeman instantly released his hold. "Run!" he cried; "run like a white-ho! Maybe you can get away from him yet."

Interesting Items.

More than 40 per cent. of the people of Great Britain could not write their names when Queen Victoria ascended the throne. At the present time only 7 per cent. of the population are in that condition.

When a burglar wants to break into a Peruvian house he takes a sponge and a bucket of water and moistens the walls, which are covered with only a thin coating of mud and easily dissolve upon the application of moisture.

In an improved electric hair brush the battery and induction coil are mounted on the back of the brush, and a number of contact plates are attached by wires to form a circuit through the body, the current flowing through the metallic bristles into the head and thence to the plates.

There is a curiosity at the residence of Mr. H. C. Ryall, in Bedford county, Pennsylvania. A small bantam hen has hatched out a nest full of partridges. When she went to setting, Mr. Ryall happened to know where he could secure a lot of partridge eggs and went and got them and put them under her. The little birds are running around as lively as crickets and are a great curiosity to all who see them.

Letters were received from Peter Lennie and Lynn Smith, of Anderson, Ind., who had a most remarkable meeting in the Alaskan snow-clad passes. While going over the passes, Smith happened to occasionally write his name in the snow along the cliffs or banks. Lennie noticed the name and took to the trail. He was in need of friends and pushed on, doubling on him, and finally, by finding the name written at intervals of a mile he managed to make the right turns and come in on Smith just at a critical time. They have been together since and have met with good success.

Perhaps the only wagon made with a telescopic body is the paper box wagon. The paper box wagon is always made with a long, wide and high body; the load to be carried is light, and so the wagon is made to carry great bulk. The wagon is provided with a high-grated tailboard, which, let down to a nearly horizontal position and held there by chains running to the sides of the wagon, makes a platform extending out at the rear upon which, on occasion, many more boxes can be piled. Some wagons have what is practically a duplicate body, with top and sides and bottom complete, but of lighter construction, that telescopes into the regular body. When a great load is to be carried this is drawn out to the rear like the joint of a telescope, pretty nearly doubling the big wagon's capacity.

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[This story commenced in No. 265.]

The Boy Mayor;

OR,
BUILDING UP A TOWN.

By FRANK FORREST,

Author of "Young Admiral Dewey," "Dick, the Half-Breed," "In Ebony Land," "In Peril of Pontiac," "Steve and the Spanish Spies," etc., etc., etc.

CHAPTER VII.

THE ELECTION.

"It's all nonsense," declared Mr. Robey, the clerk of the town of Boxford. "The idea of a boy like Tom Taylor being made mayor. It's perfectly absurd!"

It was the morning after the nomination meeting, and Mr. Robey, Mr. White, Colonel Cooper and several others met at the hotel, where they took to discussing the exciting events of the evening before.

them off with him, some of which it was highly desirable to recover if possible.

Colonel Cooper found time to attend to this while working for Tom.

But we may as well say right here that nothing was heard of the criminal, who seemed to have vanished off the face of the earth.

During the morning the Boxford boys organized a big procession and marched through the streets beating drums and

by four the contest was practically over, but no one could tell the result, of course. At five the polls closed and Tom went down to the old freight house with Billy, and they shut themselves in.

"I'm going to stay right here on my own ground, Billy," declared our hero. "If Boxford wants me she knows where to find me. Until the thing is decided I'm not going to show myself on the street again."

The boys sat talking for the best part of an hour and listening to the shouts up on Main street.

There's no denying that Tom was a bit nervous.

His situation was certainly a strange one, for whoever heard of a boy of his age being chosen mayor of a town?

"What shall you do if you are defeated, Tom?" asked Billy at last.

"What would you do, Billy?" said Tom, replying to the question in Yankee fashion.

"Well, I think if I was situated the way you are I should get out of town and try my fortunes somewhere else. If old man Robey is elected things will go from bad

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A City in the Clouds

OR,

The Balloon That Came Down on the Farm.

By P. T. RAYMOND.

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HOW ABOUT Those \$500 Pianos?

ARE YOU WORKING FOR ONE?

See 16th Page.

HOW DO YOU FEEL On the Bicycle Question?

DO YOU WANT ONE?

See 16th Page.

OUT TO-DAY

Fred Fearnot's Desperate Ride;

OR,

A Dash to Save Evelyn,

By HAL STANDISH,

—IN—

"Work and Win" No. 49

Shorty on the Stage;

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By PETER PAD,

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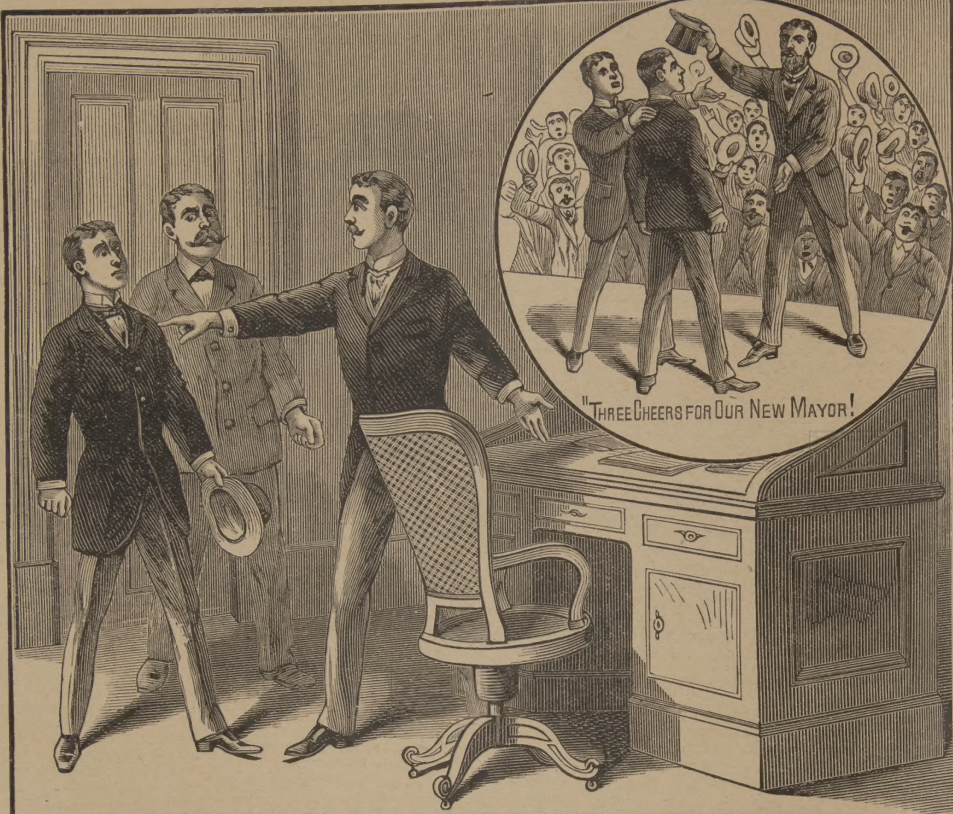
DUNNING & CO.,

THE BOY BROKERS,

By A RETIRED BROKER,

—IN—

"Pluck and Luck" No. 75



"OH, MR. BADGER!" EXCLAIMED GRIFFIN, AS THE DOOR OPENED AND A SHORT, RED-FACED MAN STEPPED INTO THE OFFICE, "JUST SEARCH THIS BOY, WILL YOU? I'VE LOST \$5,000, WHICH LAY HERE ON THE DESK. I GUESS YOU'LL FIND IT ON HIM ALL RIGHT."

"Why, I don't know about that, Robey," said Mr. White. "What Boxford wants in its mayor is pluck and energy. Tom has got both. His expenses are light and he can almost, if not quite, support himself on the salary, small as it is. I'm inclined to think it will turn out to be a mighty good thing for the town."

"I quite agree with you," added Colonel Cooper. "I ought to be in Chicago to-day, but I'm not going in. I shall stay right here and help put the boy's election through."

"I'm sorry for it," growled Robey. "And why?" the colonel asked. "Because your influence is great and you may succeed."

"I intend to," replied the colonel, dryly. "This town owes a big debt of gratitude to Tom Taylor. If he is not elected mayor of Boxford it will not be my fault."

Now this conversation fairly shows the different sentiments which prevailed in Boxford on the subject of the boy candidate for mayor.

The conservatives, as Tom's opponents may be fairly styled, hastily got together and, after considerable discussion, nominated Mr. Robey as opposition candidate to Tom.

A canvassing committee was appointed and it went right to work, for the polls opened at noon and there was no time to be lost.

Colonel Cooper, Mr. White, Mr. McFarland and others worked with equal activity for the boy candidate.

The town was alive with excitement. Men were button-holed on Main street and at the station and talked half to death by the canvassers of both candidates.

By eleven o'clock it looked as though the vote was likely to be very close. Meanwhile detectives had been put on the track of Mayor Waddington, for it was discovered that he had destroyed all the papers belonging to his office, or carried

blowing fives and carrying a big banner hastily painted, bearing a hideous picture of a boy supposed to be Tom, beneath which was painted:

OUR NEXT MAYOR!

Billy McFarland headed the procession, and as it passed from street to street they were received with the utmost enthusiasm.

Windows were thrown up and women waved handkerchiefs and flags, and everywhere they struck a group of idle workmen—and there were many to be found in Boxford that day—there were wild cheers for Tom Taylor, but most of the storekeepers and the farmers on the outskirts of the town were opposed to the boy.

Tom himself kept out of the way during the morning and no one knew where he was, but at twelve o'clock, when the polls opened in Mr. White's store, he took his place in the barroom of the hotel and was ready to see and talk to every one who came along, but not a cent would he spend in treating to liquor in order to secure votes, although several advised him to take this course, and offered to pay the bill, no matter what it might be.

"No, sir," said Tom, in answer to one and all of these advisers. "If I can't be mayor of Boxford without buying my way to the office with whisky and beer I shall never get there, that is one thing sure."

And it is safe to say that even those who tried hardest to tempt the boy respected him for the manly stand he had taken.

Perhaps it cost him some votes, but it undoubtedly secured him others, and it is safe to say that the gain was more than the loss in the long run.

At twelve o'clock the little square in front of the hotel was packed with people, some cheering for Tom, others for Mr. Robey.

Certainly the friends of the boy candidate made the most noise, if that went for anything.

At twelve o'clock the voting began, and

to worse, that's sure, and a smart fellow like you can do better somewhere else."

"Well, I shan't do anything of the sort," laughed Tom. "I'm going to stay right here and watch my chance. This is my house and I've made up my mind to work for Boxford, hit or miss, win or lose, for—"

"Hark!" broke in Billy. "What's that they are hollering up there on the street?"

Tom threw open the door and the boys stood listening.

"Hooray! Hooray! Hooray for Tom Taylor!" rang out. "Hooray for our boy mayor!"

"Hooray!" yelled Billy, throwing up his hat. "Tom, you are elected as sure as a gun!"

"We can't be sure," said Tom, turning pale. "I'm not going to get excited, Billy, so don't try to work me up."

"I'm going up on the street. I can't stand this any longer. I must know!" Billy exclaimed.

"Hold on!" exclaimed Tom, seizing his arm. "They are coming. I guess I've got there, Billy—it looks that way!"

The shouts grew louder, drums were beating and fives blowing.

In a moment all doubt was ended for a big crowd, headed by the drum and fife corps, came charging down upon the old freight house shouting:

"Hooray for Mayor Taylor! Three cheers for our Tommy! Hip! Hip! Hooray for the Boy Mayor!"

"Let me be the first to congratulate Your Honor!" cried Billy, shaking hands vigorously, and this was only the beginning of what Tom had to go through with that night.

"Taylor! Taylor! Show yourself, Tommy! Speech! Speech!" the crowd began yelling, as they lined up in front of the old freight house, the fives blowing out "Hail to the Chief" shrilly, and the drummers whanging away for dear life.

[Continued on page 10.]

[This story commenced in No. 257.]

Across the Continent on Cheek;

OR,

Tommy Bounce and His Funny Adventures.

By SAM SMILEY,

Author of "Harry Hawser," "Bob and His Uncle Dick," "Uncle Jake," "Smart and Sharp," "Goliath," "The Last Bounce," etc.

CHAPTER XI.

"Wha' am de bes' yet, Marse Tommy?" asked Jim, who sat just in front of Tommy.

"You see this letter, Jim?"

"Yas'r, I see am."

"Well, do you see how it's directed?"

"I cya'n't read werry well wifo't no glasses, Marse Tommy; ef yo' hol' it to de extreme en' of de cyar, I mought read it."

"That's what I'm traveling on, Jim. This ticket is good for anyone. There is no name to sign, and finding it is like finding loose money in the street. It's the best joke of the season."

"Yas'r, but s'pose de man comes 'long an' wain's his obercoat?"

"He won't; I locked him in the closet. I'm onto him now, and that explains his staring at us and laughing and saying that



THE ENGINE GAVE A SNORT AS A WARNING FOR MR. BULL TO GET OFF THE TRACK. THE BULL TOOK THIS AS A CHALLENGE AND LOWERED HIS HEAD FOR A CHARGE. "FO' GOODNESS SAKES!" MUTTERED JIM, "I RECKON SOMEBODY ELSE'LL GET HU'T 'SIDES DAT BULL EF I STAY YER. G'WAY DERE, YO' ANIMULE!"

'cause at my age dere am a distinction in de diffence of de distance at which dey's de ability ter reprehend writin' characters."

"You're a humbug, Jim," laughed Tommy. "I don't believe you can read at all. Well, this letter is written to old Grimes."

"Not de fellah wha' use'ter slide down de sullar do', Marse Tommy."

"No, but Mr. Grimes, with whom pop has the bet."

"Yo' don' say?"

"Yes, the letter fell out and I saw some of it without intending to read it. Now it's common property, being unsealed."

"Am dat so, Marse Tommy. Wha' do it say?"

"Tells about us, and how we're in hard luck, and pretty nearly dead beat out."

"We ain' nuffin' o' de so't!" declared Jim, indignantly.

"Certainly not. This letter was written by a man who has followed us from New York to see that we did the square thing."

"Yo' don' say?"

"Yes, and I see here notes on our journey in a note book, putting down our various steps."

"He ain' a detective, am he?"

"No, but he has evidently been employed by Grimes to see that we keep to the terms of the bet, and his letter describes our last adventures, or some of them. The man thinks we'll have to give up soon."

"He do, do he?" snorted Jim.

"Yes," grinned Tommy. "This is the luckiest thing yet. It's all right to use this, for it's taking ammunition from the enemy. He's going to pay part of our traveling expenses, Jim."

"Dey ain' no money, am dey, Marse Tommy?" asked Jim, in alarm. "Yo' ain' 'lowed ter use dat, am yo'?"

"No, there isn't any money, but here is part of a thousand-mile ticket made out in blank, and I'm going to use it."

"Well, ef yo' ain' got cheek!" said Jim, explosively.

he wouldn't go on till he was sure somebody was on the train."

"Yo' don' tell me!"

"He was onto us, having seen us before, of course. That's why I knew I'd seen him elsewhere. Of course I have, several times, I'm sure. Well, well, it's too funny," and Tommy laughed till he cried.

It was odd, when one came to think of it, how chance should have befriended the travelers in so strange a way, but then it had done so before.

When the conductor came along Tommy handed him the mileage ticket and said:

"We'll use the whole of it. How far will it take us? There's two of us, me and Jim."

"That'll take you to the end of this division, as far as this train goes," and the conductor punched the ticket and gave Tommy and Jim a couple of checks to stick in their hat bands.

"This is the cheekiest thing yet," chuckled Tommy, "using Grimes' detective's ticket to travel on. I wouldn't have done it, if they had been anybody else's, but this is too good a joke to let slip."

The ticket carried them to Reno and then they were dumped.

Tommy took the coat and the grip into the station, went to the lost property clerk and said:

"These things belong to a gentleman who was left behind at a station back here some distance. Will you telegraph him that the things are here? He'll probably want them?"

"What's his name?"

"Tell him that Tommy Bounce picked them up. I'll write him a note, too. He's coming this way, I know, but he lost the train."

When Tommy left he knew that the man was coming for his stuff and would arrive the next day.

When he claimed it he would find a note reading as follows:

"DEAR MR. BLANK.—Much obliged for the ticket. How is that for traveling on cheek? This is one on you. Next time don't stare at a fellow so hard and don't give yourself away. Jim and I send kind regards."

"TOMMY BOUNCE."

Old Bounce heard about this in time.

The shadow was as much amused at the incident as Tommy had been and wrote full particulars to Grimes, adding that he had not given up hopes yet and that there was still a chance for Tommy to lose the bet.

As a matter of cold fact, Tommy and Jim were not traveling like millionaires just then.

They left Reno on foot and tramped it for several miles before they could find the first chance to get a ride.

Then Jim caught a ride on the cow-catcher of a locomotive.

Tommy did not and the way it happened was this:

He got on the steps of one of the cars.

Jim was ahead of him when the train came along and stopped to take on water.

Jim did not suppose it was going to stop.

It did, however, and Jim, looking around for Tommy, saw him climbing up the steps.

He was going to do the same thing and started back.

Then the engine started forward with a snort and a hiss.

Jim was not going to lose his ride simply from a choice of place.

One place was as good as another in this case.

He therefore made a jump, got on the pilot and got down as the train moved off.

There was a good, broad seat and he could hang on to the flag-staff.

The wind was blowing pretty lively and he had to pull his hat down on his head, but he didn't mind that very much.

"Dis ain' so nice as a pahlah cyar," he mused, "but it am a heap sight bettah'n walkin'." Gibes yo' a chance ter see de country, too."

It gave him a chance to see something else, too.

One thing was a bull on the track some distance ahead.

When first seen the animal was quietly grazing, with his head down, nibbling the spears of grass between the ties.

Presently he raised his head, being attracted, no doubt, by the singing of the rails.

The bull, seeing the strange creature approaching, raised its head aloft and snorted.

"G'out de way, I tol' yo', ef yo' don' wan' ter get hu't!" muttered Jim.

The bull couldn't hear him, of course, and it wouldn't have made any difference if he had.

The engine gave a snort as a warning for Mr. Bull to get off the track.

The bull took this as a challenge and snorted in return, setting his fore feet firmly and lowering his head for a charge.

"Fo' goodness sakes!" muttered Jim, "I reckon somebody else get hu't 'sides dat bull ef I stay yer. G'way dere, yo' animule! Ain' yo' got no sense 'tall?"

The bull shook his head and charged at a gallop.

The engineer let out a terrific blast on the steam whistle.

It didn't seem to bother the bull just a little bit.

On he came to meet the foe and what little wool Jim had left began to straighten out.

"My sakes, I gatter get o't o' dis putty quick!" he gasped.

He drew up his legs, slid back on the bumpers and scrambled to his feet as best he could.

This was not an easy task, considering

the slippery condition of his footing, the speed at which he was going and his own weight.

However, as emergencies create men, so did the necessity of acting in a hurry give suppleness and agility to that big coon.

He stood up, backed away and grabbed the hand rail alongside the boiler.

Meanwhile the two combatants, the iron horse and the flesh and blood bull, were rapidly nearing each other.

The horse let out another snort, louder and shriller than before.

The bull was not a bit scared, and gave a roar which would have frightened anything but a locomotive.

Then the two came together with the inevitable result.

Mr. Bull was tossed in the air and landed on the bumper in front of the boiler-head in a very much dazed condition.

"Big fool yo', yo' got my seat!" sputtered Jim. "Wha' fo' yo' do dat? Yo' moighter knowed yo'd get hu't."

The engineer looked out of the little window, saw what had happened, and went on. He also saw Jim and grinned.

Then he put on a snort.

Jim presently noticed what was happening.

Off flew his hat and open flew his coat.

"Hi—hi! Stop o' dat, yo's gwine too fas'!" he yelled.

His wool waved in the wind, his coat-tails flapped and snapped like whip lashes, and his teeth chattered to beat castanets.

"Hol' on, dere, hol' on, yo'm gwine too fas' I'd ruther get off an' walk," he yelled.

Then he had to devote all his attention to holding on, and he had no time to yell.

The engineer knew he could hold on, and was merely having a little fun with him.

He kept up the pace for five or six miles and then had to slow up for a station.

The other passenger on the bumper did not fare as well as Jim.

He tried to get upon his feet, and was shaken off, and then chucked aside as if he had been a chip or a stone.

Jim had no chance to notice what had happened, being so intent on keeping his hold.

Finally the train stopped and Jim jumped down.

"Had a good ride, Blackie?" chuckled the engineer, sticking his head out of the window and turning a broad gauge grin upon Jim.

This was adding insult to injury, in Mr. Gloom's opinion.

He walked up to the side of the engine, shook his fist at the engineer and said:

"Yo' tink yo'm smaht, don' yo'? Jus' yo' come down yer an' I'll lambaste yo'm skin fo' yo', so's yo' won' wan'ter sit down fo' a week, yo' sassy fellah!"

At this the engineer only laughed the harder.

"Ain' yo' got any mo' sense," demanded Jim, "dan ter go an' frow a bull in m' lap lak dat an' den go so fas' dat m' hat an' mos' m' teeth fly o't? Yo' jus' come down yer an' I'll wahm you' jacket fo' yo' good."

The engineer laughed some more at this. It was awfully funny to him to have a fellow sneak a ride on the engine and then cheek him for going too fast for comfort.

He couldn't laugh enough, and the madder Jim got the more he laughed.

"Ain' got no use fo' a man wif so lilly sense," snorted Jim at last, disgusted at not being able to make the man mad.

He walked away and presently saw Tommy beckoning to him from the platform of the rear car.

"Come up here, Jim. This is better than riding on the engine."

"I'd jus' liked ter smacked dat sassy fellah's snoot fo' him," snorted Jim. "He thinks it werry funny ter chuck cows an' sech tings at a fellah an' go lak de debil, but I jus' lak ter know wha' he tink abo't it ef he was in my place?"

The train went on again, and the two travelers were not put off.

They were put out, however.

Somebody, a brakeman or the conductor, or the train boy, saw them riding on the step.

Then the water boy came out and chucked a bucket of water on them.

Jim got the most of it, but Tommy did not escape a wetting.

He was put out by it, but not put off, and so he said nothing.

"Wish I'd fort ter fetch my umbrella," muttered Jim, as he gave himself a shake.

They were getting up and up in the mountains and running toward the only available break in them for many miles.

The higher they got the cooler it was, and Tommy and Jim soon had to turn up their coat collars and snuggle up close to one another to keep warm.

"Wow! I don' lak dis at all!" stammered Jim. "Reckon we bettah go inside, Marse Tommy. I'll be froze ter deff in fi' minutes ef I stay o't yer."

Jim tried the door, but it was locked.

"Sassy fellahs!" he muttered. "Had ter go an' lock de do', did dey? I'll jus' repo't dem to de sup'inten'ant, dat's wha' I do, soon as I get somewheres."

They entered the pass, and if Tommy wanted to see the tops of the mountains he had to lie flat on his back, they were so high and the pass was so narrow.

"Grand scenery, isn't it, Jim?" he asked.

"Gran' scenery be smovered!" snorted

Jim. "I'd rather hab a gran' obercoat an' a paiah ob ear flaps. Yo'm got a hat, but I ain't got nuffin' but a bald head."

"Tie your handkerchief over it, Jim."

"Ain't got no han'ksheef."

"Then turn up your coat collar."

"Got it turned up a'ready," growled Jim.

"Oh, you go—"

and then Tommy stopped.

"Wisher could go to de debbil," snorted Jim. "I'd be wahm den."

"I didn't say to go there," chuckled Tommy. "I said to go inside."

"Cyan't do it. Didn't yo' jus' now fin' de do' locked?"

"Oh, well, you can do as you like," said Tommy, getting up.

Then he turned the knob, opened the door and walked inside.

Somebody had unlocked the door during the last few minutes.

It was beginning to snow in the pass, and it would have been no fun to stay out there in the wind and cold.

There was a stove in the car, and a fire in the stove, and Tommy got next to both in a jiffy.

Then Jim sneaked in, shut the door and took a seat on the coal box and said nothing.

It was an emigrant car, but it was better than nothing, and as no one said a word to the travelers, they said nothing in reply.

What I mean is that no one in authority asked them for tickets or money or threatened to bounce them or anything of that sort.

The passengers near them spoke to them now and then, asked them how far they were going, and so on, and made themselves quite friendly.

They don't come around for tickets more than twice a day on these emigrant trains, and Tommy and Jim put in a night of it before they were disturbed.

They were in the State of California by the time they were bounced, not to mention a state of hunger.

"I'll buy you a ticket for San Francisco," said an honest miner, when Tommy was about to be bounced.

"Can't let you do it," said Tommy. "I'm doing this trip on cheek. Thanks, just the same."

"Yas'r, we 'preciate you' kin'ness in makin' you' mos' unanimous offah, sah," said Jim, with a polite bow, "but we am obleged ter refuse it, sah, on acco't ob de prescriptions ob ouah contrac', sah, which don't purmit ob our receibing any gratuitous counterbutions."

"That's all right, cooney," laughed the miner. "If a smooth tongue and big words will get you there, you'll arrive."

"Reckon I will," said Jim, and then two brakemen grabbed him and fired him in short order.

Tommy had skipped just in time to avoid similar treatment.

"I'll repo't yo' ge'men!" sputtered Jim, as he picked himself up and shook his fist at the brakemen. "Yo' ain't got no raight ter handle freight in dat rac'less mannah, yo' ain't."

"Are you freight?" laughed one of the men. "We sent you by express, didn't we?"

"Yas'r, I see freight, I is, an' I wan' yo' ter be mo' ca'less wif me, ef yo' don't wan' ter get inter trouble."

"Come on, Jim," said Tommy. "I've got an idea."

"Does yo' tink we can wo'k de lunch countah on it, Marse Tommy?" asked Jim. "I see pow'ful hungry, I is."

After that they did some more rough riding.

They rode on the trucks and got full of dust; they roosted on steps and on cowcatchers; they got into freight cars and cabooses and on top of the same, and were regularly fired as soon as discovered.

Every time they were fired they had gone so much further on their journey, however, and were willing to take the chance of being fired again.

"We're getting on, Jim," said Tommy, one day, when they approached a station, ragged, dirty, hungry-looking and quite disreputable in appearance, "but we've got to get on faster."

"Yo' bet you' life we has," growled Jim. "If we don't, I'll hab ter go as freight befo' I knows it."

"That's a good idea, Jim," said Tommy, as they stepped on the platform in front of the freight house, where there was a good deal going on.

"Wha's a good idea, Marse Tommy?" asked Jim.

"Why, going as freight, of course. Do you see that barrel?"

"Yes, I seen um," muttered Jim, turning and looking at an ordinary-sized cask. "Wha' abo't um?"

"I'll pack you in there, send you to San Francisco and save your railroad fare."

"Pack me in dat?" gasped Jim, putting his hand on the cask. "Good Lawd, Marse Tommy, yo' spect I get in dat 'less yo' cut me up in lilly pieces?" "Scuse me, sah, but I ain't ready ter trabel by freight dat a-way yet, sah."

"No, not that one," laughed Tommy, "this one behind you."

"Oh, dat's diff'ent," muttered Jim, turning and seeing a hogshead standing near.

"Reckon I get in dat one a' right."

"Get in, then, quick," said Tommy.

"There's a lot of them going to San Fran-

cisco and I'll have this one headed up and sent with the rest."

"How's I gwine ter breafe in de cask?"

"There's a hung-hole, isn't there?"

"So dey is, but yo' don't wan' ter let dem plug it up."

"Oh, I won't. Come, get in quick, while no one's looking," and Tommy tipped the empty hogshead on its side.

Jim started to get in, when Tommy with a dexterous twist suddenly set it on end.

Jim's heels were seen in the air for a moment, and then they disappeared.

Tommy gave a large-sized grin as Jim's heels went down, and then he grabbed up a head standing near and put it on the cask.

"Good-by, Jim; I'll see you in San Francisco," he chuckled, as he walked off.

"Ef I don't get dere albe an' in good condition," came Jim's voice through the bung-hole, "I'll use jus' gwine ter lambaste yo' good, jus' remembah dat."

"All right, Jim."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

My Hair-Cutting Machine.

By "ED."

Not long ago I had my hair cut. It was perpetrated by a barber whose breath smelt as if he had swallowed a sloop

pail, and who by the remarkable way in which he handled his scissors succeeded in demolishing the most of one ear.

This set me to thinking.

How would it be to invent a machine which would "shingle" a fellow's head in a few minutes.

I invented one.

It was on little wheels. You pressed a spring, put it on the victim's head, pressed a second spring, two little knives concealed in a roller went to work, and in two minutes the head got a skin shave.

I tried it privately first.

I shaved a hair sofa.

It worked beautifully.

Next I shaved the cat.

She has not got hair enough on her now to make a paint brush, and I think of cutting her tail off and selling her for a seal.

I was greatly encouraged by the success of these experiments, and so I took it down to my barber.

My barber is a foreigner from Hoboken, N. J.

I took out my machine and explained the working to him.

He thought it was a conundrum and gave it up.

"Vot vas it all about?" asked he. "Vos it a reaper?"

I told him no. It was a hair-cutting machine. One of the greatest inventions of the age. It could shave heads at the rate of twenty per hour.

"It von't explode?" asked he, as he carefully examined it.

"No."

"It vosn't got to have no infernal revenue stamps mit der bung-hole?"

I explained to him that it was not a beer barrel. It was a hair-cutting machine simply, and it could not mow hay, hang clothes or peel potatoes.

After I had repeated it several times he seemed to comprehend.

"Yaw, I dummies," he said, "you set down. I dries it mit somebody. If it works all right I dakes it."

I sat down upon a chair peculiar to a barber's shop; a chair rickety and bed-buggy, and smelling horribly of bad hair oil, and awaited the coming of a man to be experimented upon.

At last a male phantom arrived.

He looked pale and hungry and walked lame. He hadn't any collar, was evidently consumptive, and didn't appear as if he could lick a caterpillar.

"Hair cut!" said he, tottering feebly into a chair.

"Short?" asked the barber.

"Skin tight."

The barber chuckled fiendishly and brought forth the machine.

"I—I don't want my teeth pulled," stutered the customer.

"Vat I care?" asked the barber.

"But what are you going to do with that—that forceps?"

"Dese vosn't nein four-steps," replied the barber, practically. "Dis vos a hay-cutting, I mean hair-cutting machine. We only use it mit der petter glass of customers. It cuts your hair off shust as nice as never vos."

The customer made no reply. But still he was evidently suspicious.

The barber adjusted the machine.

Skim—skim—skim! it went over the male phantom's head, clearing off his hair with the greatest ease.

Suddenly it stopped.

Right where the hair was the thickest.

The barber gave a jerk.

"Holy smoke!" roared the customer, "what are you doing? Do you think I've got the top of my head iron-plated?"

"Mein Gott!" groaned the barber, "I dinks it was stuck."

"What?"

"Der hay-cutter!"

"Push it ahead," I said.

The barber did.

The consumptive-looking chap got up and howled with pain.

"I've been scalped by Injuns once, an' I don't want it repeated," he bawled. "Gol darn yer old machine! Why didn't yer put my hair down on the back of the chair and chop it off with an ax. Blast your darned improvements!"

We tried every way to get that trick machine out of the phantom's hair without success.

We pushed it.

We pulled.

We tied it to a rope and nearly snatched him hair-balded.

Yet it remained apparently firmly and fixedly in his hair. There seemed to be a clear prospect that he would be accommodated with it all of his life.

Finally he got out of his chair with tears in his eyes and gore on his head.

"Did you make that infernal machine?" he asked of the barber.

The barber drew himself proudly up.

"Vot you dakes me for?" he queried; "do I look like a man dot would kill beeples?"

"Who did?"

The barber pointed to me.

"Dere he vos," he said.

The phantom measured me with his eye. The machine glared at me from his half-cut locks.

"Got an undertaker around here?" the phantom asked.

"Yaw," replied the barber.

"Has he lots of fresh ice to put a corpse on?"

"I dinks so."

The man with the machine in his hair went for me.

I am no slouch at boxing. I once licked a blind man in six minutes.

But that pale, consumptive male phantom paralyzed me.

He wiped off whitewash from the ceiling with me, rammed me into the spittoons, made me swallow shaving cups and bear's grease, poured hair dye in my eye and finally threw me out into the street through the window.

"Git up another machine, will yer?" he yelled.

I did not feel like it. In fact, I felt as if I had been bounced through a coffee mill.

I got home somehow.

On the way I met Cable.

"Cable," requested I, "will you just step down to the barber's and ask him for my hair-cutting machine?"

Cable went.

He has not got back yet.

At present he is enjoying the river breeze at Bellevue Hospital, and it is reported around that he was run over by a fire engine.

The pale, consumptive male phantom simply objected to his removing the machine.

A week afterward I met a man who works in the barber shop.

"Did you ever extricate the machine from that ruffian's head?" asked I.

"Oh, yes."

"How?"

"Took both around to the blacksmith's. Put the machine in the vise and pulled on the man."

"Where is the machine?"

"The barber's got it. He says that you can have it if you'll pay for the damages done to his store."

I don't want it.

No more inventions for me. I've got all I want of scientific fame.

I'm going to build a cave out in our back yard and become a hermit.

We are giving away 15 high grade Bicycles. Are you working for one? See 16th page.

An Historic Cave.

Probably the most curious meeting place in the world is the lodge room of Gap Creek Lodge, No. 72, Independent Order of Odd Fellows.

The lodge for five years has been meeting in Hyder's Cave, near Gap Run, Tenn. The cave, in Carter county, five miles from Elizabethtown and seven miles from Johnson City, was discovered by the first settlers of Tennessee.

Earth taken from the cave has long been used for the manufacture of saltpetre. During the Civil War the cave was worked by the Confederate Government, and thousands of pounds of saltpetre were made there.

Some of the powder used in the battle of King's Mountain was manufactured from saltpetre dug in this cave.

The cave lies due east and west, and at any time during the day there is light enough to read. The anteroom of the lodge room is twelve feet square, arched over by variegated limestone. It is separated from the main hall by folding doors.

The hall proper is much lower than the anteroom. The main floor is 20x36 feet. At one end is a rostrum 12 feet square, elevated thirty inches above the floor.

The roof is an arch, the top of which is twenty feet from the floor. During the summer season the sun shines in the face of the Noble Grand from 3 o'clock until evening.

Since the lodge, which has fifty-five members, began meeting in the cave it has had no deaths. Frequently picnics and occasionally preaching services are held in the cave, which is so light that pictures can be taken sixty feet under ground without artificial light.

The Boy Mayor

(Continued from page 8.)

There was nothing for it. Tom had to come out on the platform, and, when he appeared the boys gave him a great reception, cheering like mad.

Colonel Cooper stepped upon the platform beside him.

"Tom," he said, "I am pleased to be the first to announce to you the result. You are elected mayor of Boxford by a majority of one hundred and ten votes."

"Hooray for Tom Taylor!" yelled the crowd. "Hooray for the boy mayor!"

CHAPTER VIII.

A MAYOR WHO MEANS BUSINESS.

Tom made a neat little speech and then held a reception right there on the freight house platform.

It was the boy's first taste of politics. He never knew before that he had so many friends.

Later the crowd adjourned to the hotel, where, by Colonel Cooper's orders, a substantial collation had been prepared, and in the evening the big dining room was thrown open for a public reception, and Tom, in his everyday clothes, stood for an hour shaking hands with every one who came along, after which there was an impromptu dance, and Tom led off with Blanche Cooper for partner, Billy following with Katherine White.

It was long after midnight before the festivities ended, and Tom was heartily glad when it was all over.

"I want to get right down to work," he said to Billy, when they parted for the night, "and I shan't be satisfied until I do."

There was nothing in the way of Tom's resolution, for there was plenty to be done in Boxford, dear knows.

It took about two weeks after the new mayor was sworn into office for the boy to get things straightened out, and Tom worked industriously, under Mr. Robey's direction, until he understood something of the duties of a mayor.

The town offices had been moved upstairs over Mr. White's drug store, and Tom furnished a little room on the same floor for himself and went to live there, abandoning the old freight house the day he was sworn in.

One of his first acts was to arrange for cleaning away the ruins of the town hall, and the new mayor did not think it beneath him to superintend the job himself.

The idle iron workers went to work under the mayor's direction, and soon had the bricks neatly piled up and the good lumber sorted out from the rubbish.

"That's just like a boy," said Mr. Conklin, the lively stable keeper, who was a regular old croaker. "He spends his time doing laborer's work, when the town could hire a man to take his place for a dollar and a half a day—that's the sort of mayor we've got."

Now this sort of talk was all nonsense, of course.

It takes time to get started at anything, and the boy mayor of Boxford was working might and main for the interests of the town.

The first thing he did was to call a meeting of the town council and lay before them the letter on which he based his accusations against Mayor Waddington.

The council said "wait," and Tom was waiting.

Waiting for what?

Why, the next move of the enemy, to be sure.

Meanwhile the Northwestern Rolling Mill Co., which for years had leased the big iron plant, originally built by the town and still owned by them, was apparently getting ready to move away.

They had been a very arbitrary concern and had ground their workmen down to the dust.

They would listen to no proposition in the time of Mayor Waddington, and everybody regarded their removal as certain until Tom laid the water-soaked letter before the council.

Then the whole matter was understood differently.

"You want to see them at once," declared Mr. Robey. "Why do you delay?"

"No," said Tom. "Let them send for me. I'll be ready for them when they make the next move."

Meanwhile the boy mayor began writing letters.

The postmaster could have testified that the letters were addressed to some of the heaviest guns in the iron business and that answers came in the envelopes of these concerns.

All this such petty growlers as old man Conklin did not know, and it was none of their business, but they kept up the cry against Tom just the same.

"Huh! Going to Chicago to fool away his time," growled the lively stable keeper one day a few weeks later, when Tom hired a team of him to drive over to Bently and told him to charge it to the town.

If Mr. Conklin could have seen the inside of a letter then reposing in Tom's coat pocket he would have understood the matter differently, perhaps, although it is

doubtful if he had brains enough to understand it anyhow.

The letter read as follows:

"DEAR SIR.—We desire to see you on private business at your earliest convenience. Please call at our office, No. — La Salle street, not later than twelve o'clock tomorrow. Yours truly,
"J. J. GRIFFIN, Secretary."

The letter was on the business paper of the Northwestern Rolling Mill Co., and Tom thought he knew just what it meant. "They've no more idea of moving to Sandford than I have of flying to the moon," he said to Billy that morning when he showed him the letter. "It's only a bluff, but they'll find me ready for them. Perhaps they won't like the medicine I've been brewing, but if they don't talk business mighty sudden they'll have to take it just the same."

At Bently Tom took the train for Chicago, reaching town at ten o'clock.

He registered at the Palmer House and then went straight to the office of the Illinois Iron and Steel Co.

"Well, young man, what can I do for you?" asked Mr. Sternmeyer, the president, looking up from his desk as Tom walked into the office of the concern.

"My name is Taylor. I'm the mayor of Boxford," was the boy's quiet response.

"Oh, oh, yes! The boy mayor," smiled Mr. Sternmeyer, a thorough young business man. "Take a seat. Well, you received my last letter, I presume?"

"Yes, sir," replied Tom. "I would like very much to bring that matter to a head to-day. The town of Boxford doesn't care to be left out in the cold. They own the iron plant and have an interest in keeping it running; as I understand your letter, the Illinois Iron and Steel Co. are talking of building a new mill. We are now ready with a proposition for you to take hold of ours. We have six hundred idle iron workers in town and at Sandford, many of them skilled men. It is for our interest to make favorable terms."

"Just so. I understand all that," replied Mr. Sternmeyer, "but you have no railroad facilities, and that stands in the way."

"The railroad company would certainly put in a branch if your company went there, sir."

"On the contrary, we have applied to them and they have refused."

"Bought up by the Northwestern Rolling Mill Co. to keep newcomers out and ruin our plant," said Tom, quietly.

"Well, yes, I suppose that is so; but we don't care to build a railroad, young man."

"Suppose the town puts in a railroad?"

"Is the town able to do it?"

"Hardly, but if we make a bluff to do it, probably we could bring the railroad company to terms."

"Come, that's not a bad idea," laughed Mr. Sternmeyer, "but as I understand it, the town has not got money enough even to make a bluff, and she's bonded for more than she is worth."

"There's where you are wrong. The town of Boxford has \$60,000 cash in bank," said Tom, leaning back in his chair.

The boy mayor had played his trump card.

"What!" cried Mr. Sternmeyer. "That's business! Now, I'm ready to talk."

And talk they did for an hour and over, and when Tom left the office of the Illinois Iron and Steel Co. his face wore an expression of intense satisfaction.

"There's going to be a mill working in Boxford before the year is out," he said to himself, as he walked away. "I mean business every time."

CHAPTER IX.

YOUNG MR. GRIFFIN TRIES A BOLD GAME.

Tom had never met the secretary of the Northwestern Rolling Mill Co., as he supposed.

He was a new man who had recently taken hold, and he was said to be as sharp as a needle. Tom was quite as curious to see what he looked like as to hear what he had to say, and he wasn't one bit surprised to find himself shown into the presence of the identical young drunkard whom he had rescued from Baker's swamp several weeks before.

Another boy might have shown his feelings on his face, but Tom never changed a hair.

"I'm the mayor of Boxford," he said, handing out the mill company's letter. "You wanted to see me, I believe."

"Just so," replied young Mr. Griffin, volubly. "Well, you are quite a boy, and that's a fact. Take a seat, please. I shall be at liberty in a few moments, I daresay."

He turned to his desk and began scribbling away.

It was evident enough that he had not recognized Tom, and equally so that he was inclined to put on airs.

Tom did not propose to stand anything of the sort.

"My time is valuable, Mr. Griffin," he said. "I can't wait."

"Oh, indeed!" replied the secretary. "Well—er—Brown!"

A clerk appeared.

"Tell Badger to come here," said Mr. Griffin. "Hold on, though. You may take

him this. Shut the door, Brown. I don't want to be disturbed."

He hastily inclosed the sheet of paper on which he had been scribbling in an envelope and handed it to the clerk.

"Now I'm at liberty," he said, wheeling around and facing Tom. "I presume you know that we are going to get out of Boxford unless the town can make it for our interest to stay there?"

"I'm aware of that," answered Tom, quietly. "Go on."

"Of course we don't want to go if we can help it, and perhaps it could be arranged so that we can start up again and abandon this Sandford business. I suppose it all rests with the mayor."

"I suppose it does to a certain extent, sir."

"To a very great extent. Your town by-laws gives the mayor absolute power to renew the rolling mill lease, which will expire next May. We have been paying ten thousand a year. We are now prepared to offer five thousand for a term of twenty years, with a guarantee that a branch railroad will be run into Boxford. Now, then, what do you say?"

As he spoke Mr. Griffin opened a drawer and, taking out a roll of bills, proceeded to count them.

Tom saw that there was quite a large sum in the roll. When he had finished counting it Mr. Griffin laid it down on the desk.

"Well, what do you say?" he repeated. "Out with it. Let's have your ideas."

"I was waiting for you to get through what you were doing," replied Tom. "It is all I can do to attend to one thing at a time, and I thought perhaps you were the same way. I reject the offer. The town of Boxford will entertain no such proposition."

"Indeed?"

"Yes."

"That's final?"

"It is."

"Say, suppose I should happen to drop that roll of money into your coat pocket by accident, would you reject it then. There's \$5,000 in that pile."

"Mr. Griffin, I want you to understand that you are not dealing with Mayor Waddington now. I am not to be bribed!" exclaimed Tom, springing to his feet. "I expected this. I came here to give you a chance to do it, but it won't go down with me."

"Sit down," said Mr. Griffin, biting his blonde mustache. "Sit down and be quiet. You have entirely misunderstood me. I had no idea of bribing you."

"I understand you perfectly well," said Tom, "and I want you to understand me. The Northwestern Rolling Mill Co. can stay in Boxford provided they pay the same rent they have always paid, and start up within six weeks. The town is prepared to renew the lease, and—"

"And we are not prepared to consider any such proposition," broke in Mr. Griffin, rising and covering the roll of bills with his hand. "We want your signature to this, Mr. Mayor. You had better sign. It will pay you; if not, why look out for squalls. We want a mayor in Boxford who will work for our interests and we propose to have him, too."

As Tom took the paper which Mr. Griffin now passed to him, the secretary slyly dropped the roll of bills into the loose pocket of the boy's coat.

Tom was intent on the paper and did not perceive this action. Indeed, Mr. Griffin seemed to be quite expert at such work.

"Why, this is simply an agreement to renew the lease for twenty years at half the old rent," said Tom, throwing it on the desk. "You must be crazy to think I would sign it after what I said."

"You will, though!"

"Not much! The Northwestern Rolling Mill Co. may have been able to bribe Waddington, but they can't bribe me. I give you twenty-four hours to consider my offer, Mr. Griffin. If you don't accept it, I close with other parties, and whether you want to or not, you'll have to vacate the mill."

"Who are the other parties?"

"That's my affair. Good day."

"Hold on, young man, you may as well leave that money behind you!" cried Griffin, striking a call bell on his desk. "If you are too high-toned to take a commission, it appears that you are not too high-toned to steal."

"What do you mean? Who's touched your money?" flashed Tom, pale with indignation.

"Oh, Mr. Badger!" exclaimed Griffin, as the door opened and a short, red-faced man stepped into the office. "Just search this boy, will you? I've lost \$5,000 which lay here on the desk. I guess you'll find it on him all right."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

If you enjoy a good laugh you should certainly read "Snaps" every week. 32 pages. Colored Covers. 5 cents.

Sleight-of-hand Performer—Will some gentleman in the audience kindly lend me five silver dollars? Money Lender—At what per cent?

[This story commenced in No. 262.]

Dick Dareall

The Yankee Boy Spy;

OR,

Young America in the Philippines.

By ALBERT J. BOOTH,

Author of "The White Nine," "Fast Mail Fred," "The Silver Wheel," "Two Boys From Nowhere," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE PAPERS PROVE VALUABLE.

General Lawton started, and stared at the youth in an incredulous manner.

"What?" he exclaimed. "You have been in Aguinaldo's headquarters, and secured the maps, charts and drawings, and the plans for the insurgents' campaign against the American army—impossible!"

Dick smiled.

"Here are the documents to show for themselves, sir," he said, still holding them extended toward the general, who seized the papers now with nervous fingers, and unfolding them, gave them a quick, searching look.

Then he gave a start, and looked up with a mingled look of amazement, excitement and pleasure upon his face.

"As I live, Dareall, I believe you are telling the truth!" he cried. "Orderly!"

The orderly came at once, and General Lawton said:

"Go at once and arouse Kurzall, the interpreter. Bring him here at the earliest possible moment!"

The orderly bowed and withdrew, and then General Lawton turned an eager face toward Dick.

"Be seated, Dareall," he said. "Now," as Dick obeyed, "tell me where you got those papers."

"Very well, sir," replied Dick, and then he went to work and told the general the whole story of his adventures, just as the reader knows them, and when he had finished, General Lawton seized the youth's hand and shook it warmly.

"Dareall," he said, earnestly, "you are the bravest boy I have ever known. There are few men who would have dared attempt what you have successfully accomplished, and whether these papers prove of great value or otherwise, your bravery shall be rewarded, for I shall see that you receive a lieutenantcy for this night's work!"

"Thank you, sir!" said Dick, his handsome face flushing with pleasure. "How pleased my mother will be to hear that!"

"Ah! that's right, my boy! A brave boy always thinks of his mother; loves, respects, reveres her! Your mother certainly has cause to be proud of her son, Dick!"

Just then the orderly entered, followed by a dark-skinned fellow, evidently a native.

"Ah! Kurzall; here, are you?" greeted the general. "I have some work that is urgent and special, or I should not have called you out of your bed."

"I am always ready to serve you at any hour of the day or night, General Lawton," was the quiet reply, the fellow speaking with only a slight accent. "Where is the work you have for me to do, sir?"

"Here," and the general held out the package of papers. Then he arose and seated himself in a bamboo chair at one side of the table, and motioned the native to take a seat at the opposite side.

When the interpreter had done so, the general spread the papers out upon the table.

"Read!" he said. "Read slowly and distinctly, but in a low tone. Go on."

The interpreter obeyed. Beginning at the very first, he read the papers through from end to end, and the longer he read the more it became evident that Dick Dareall had done a wonderful thing for the American army in securing these documents.

The general listened with eager attention, and was entirely oblivious to his surroundings. Occasionally he would tell the interpreter to wait, and he would sit there for several minutes, gazing at the floor or at the top of the tent, in a brown study, evidently figuring out the movements of the insurgent army, as planned out there. Then again he would have the interpreter read sentences over, and still over again. It took at least two hours to get through, and when the interpreter had finished, General Lawton turned to Dick with a radiant face, and said:

"My boy, you have done a wonderful thing this night! We have here the complete plans, in detail, of the insurgents' campaign, and the exact number of officers and men given, as well as where they are stationed. All the details regarding arms and munitions are given, and we have knowledge that will be of inestimable advantage to us. In fact, the value of these papers to us cannot be computed."

"But Aguinaldo knows I have these papers, sir," said Dick. "Will he not go to work, at once, and map out an entirely new

campaign, making the plans you have there of no use, as a guidance for you?"

"He will change a few of his plans, no doubt," said the general, "but we have much information, here, that will be of inestimable value. By the way, how unthinking of me. You must be very tired. You may go to your company and turn in. You will find your bunk empty and ready for you."

"Thank you, sir. I will go at once, as I am, indeed, very tired."

Then saying good-night, Dick made his way to the tent in which was his bunk, slipped inside, made his way to it and, throwing himself down at full length, was asleep almost instantly.

When he awoke, the first thing his eyes lighted upon was the face of his chum, Mark Cramer, who had evidently just arisen, and who was standing beside the cot, gazing down upon Dick with wondering eyes.

"Great Gulliver! Dick Dareall, is it really you!" Mark exclaimed. "Where in the name of all that is wonderful did you come from? Why, I thought I said good-by to you last night in the expectation of not seeing you again in weeks, and here you are, stretched out in your bunk, taking it easy and cool as you please. Say, did I dream all that about your going away, old man?"

Dick smiled.

"I guess not, Mark," he replied. "I just got back a couple of hours ago."

Mark was all interest at once.

"What luck did you have, Dick?" he asked. "Did you find out anything at all?"

"Oh, yes," and then Dick told Mark the whole story.

To say that Mark was astonished is stating the case in an extremely mild form. He was amazed, thunderstruck, and sat on the edge of his cot, which adjoined Dick's, and stared at his chum almost incredulously.

"Great Scott, Dick! Who would have thought you could accomplish so much in a single night? It is incredible!"

"But true, nevertheless, Mark."

"Oh, I don't mean by that that I doubt your story, Dick!" Mark hastened to say.

"Of course not, old man! I understand that," said Dick.

"And General Lawton says you are to be a lieutenant!" murmured Mark. "Well, I am glad! You'll make a good one, Dick."

"I hope so, Mark."

"Oh, I know you will. And most all the fellows will be glad to hear of your good luck, because they like you."

"Well, I should be glad to hear of any one of them being made a lieutenant," said Dick.

"Of course you would, old man. You're just that unselfish. Well, I'm afraid it'll be a long time before I get to be a lieutenant, or even a corporal."

"Oh, I don't know, Mark. When once we get to fighting, you may do something within one hour's time that will earn promotion for you. Don't make any gloomy forecasts. Just wait and see what happens."

"Well, I'll never do anything to compare with what you did last night, Dick. I know that. It isn't in me. Just think of you bearding Aguinaldo in his den, and how you got away with the papers from right under his eyes and leveled revolver! My, but that was a bold thing to do, Dick!"

Dick smiled.

"Oh, you'll do just as brave things when the opportunity offers," said Dick. "I've been out with you, old man! You must remember we were in close quarters together up in the city when we rescued the girls, and you were just as brave as I. There are no flies on you, Mark, old fellow!"

"But think of your jumping out of the window into the Pasig river!" said Mark, "and having Aguinaldo pepper away at your head with his revolver! That must have been a terrible experience."

"Well, it wasn't a pleasant experience," acknowledged Dick. "It was night time, however, and the insurgent chief is likely not a good shot, anyway. I don't think I was in much danger from that source."

"But think of your terrible swim out to the Olympia through the bay, with sharks on every hand!" shuddered Mark. "It is a wonder you escaped, Dick!"

"I think so myself, Mark. That was the worst experience of all. I suffered the most excruciating mental torture every instant of time that I was in the water, for I did not know at what moment I should feel myself grasped in the jaws of one of those sharks! Ugh! It makes me shudder even now to think of it!"

"I should think it would, old fellow!"

"But I would go through the same experience again, if necessary," said Dick, quietly.

"I have no doubt of it, Dick. Well, I hope that when I am called upon to do something I shall not be found wanting."

"I don't think there is the least danger of your being found wanting, old chum!"

The boys now got up and left the tent, as it was breakfast time, and as they did so, a soldier-boy who had been lying with his back toward the two, and only a couple of cots distant, rolled over and looked after them with rage-distorted countenance.

"So you're to be a lieutenant, are you? and all for one night's work! Curses on you and your good luck!—for it was luck, nothing else! There was no reason, sense or good management about it, on your

part! But I'll get even with you in some way, Dick Dareall! I'll pull you down, somehow! I'll find a way to do it! You shan't go back and strut around with Lottie Lee with a sword buckled to your side!—not if I can help it!"

The soldier was Gilbert Marmaduke.

CHAPTER XVII.

LIEUTENANT DAREALL.

When Colonel Funston saw Dick he was greatly surprised.

"Why, I thought you were to leave last night!" he said. "How did you come to change your mind?"

"I didn't change my mind, sir," Dick replied.

"You didn't! Why, you are here! What do you mean?"

"That I went, as I intended, sir," Funston looked puzzled.

"Well," he remarked, presently, with a quizzical smile; "if you went, you certainly didn't go very far or stay very long."

Dick smiled.

"That is true, sir," he acknowledged. "I was gone only about eight hours."

Colonel Funston looked at Dick, and seemed rather disappointed.

"Really, Dick," he said, "I am disappointed in you. When I recommended you to General Lawton I thought sure you would prove to be just the person for the place, and the service you were to go upon. By Jove! I am disappointed! I would have wagered you would have stayed away longer than one night!"

"General Lawton wishes to see you both in his tent," said an orderly at this moment, and Colonel Funston looked surprised.

"Wishes to see me?" he asked.

"Yes, sir—and Dick Dareall."

Funston looked askance at the youth.

"Ah! the General has heard you have returned!" he said.

Dick bowed.

"Yes, I think he has," he said, quietly.

"Exactly—and he has sent for us."

"Yes."

"You he will send back to the ranks in disgrace, while as for myself, I will get beautifully raked over the coals for recommending you for the service as a spy! Phew! I wish I hadn't done it!"

Dick smiled in such a peculiar manner that the colonel noticed it.

"Perhaps it won't prove to be so bad as you fear, sir," he said.

Funston gave Dick a searching look, and then said:

"Well, perhaps not. Come; let's see what the General wants."

"This way, sir," said the orderly, and he preceded the two to General Lawton's tent, and lifted the door-flap and held it to one side for them to enter.

"Ah-ha! Good morning, Funston! Good morning, Dareall! Glad to see you! Sit down!" greeted the General, and the greeting was so different from what Funston had expected that he stared at Dick in astonishment, greatly to the youth's inward amusement, though he took good care not to let it show on the surface.

General Lawton arose and seizing Colonel Funston's hand, shook it heartily.

"Funston, I thank you!" he said, earnestly. "When you sent this boy, here, to me, you did the best thing you ever did in your life! You said you thought he would be a success as a spy, and you were right! He was a success, sure, for he went over into the city last night, penetrated to the headquarters of Aguinaldo, secured a lot of papers containing the plans of the intended campaign of the insurgents against the American forces, escaped and brought them to me, after risking his life in half a dozen different ways, and was gone only seven or eight hours, all told! What do you think of that?"

Evidently Colonel Funston hardly knew what to think of it, for he sat staring at General Lawton as if not comprehending what was said. Presently he gave a start, however, as if awaking from a dream, and turned his face toward Dick.

"Young man," he said, solemnly; "do you know that you stand very near to death's door at this very moment?"

Dick shook his head and smiled.

"No, I do not realize it," he replied.

"Well, it is a fact," asserted the little colonel. "I have half a mind to murder you for letting me come into the presence of the General, here, thinking you had made a failure of your attempt to play the spy, and that we were being called here to be raked over the coals!"

General Lawton laughed.

"Did you think that, Colonel?" he asked.

"I did," was the reply. "What I saw Dick, here, this morning, I supposed he had come back discouraged, that he had failed to accomplish anything, and that he had given up right at the outset. Why didn't you tell me different, you young rascal?" this last to Dick.

"Oh, I knew you would find it out soon enough, anyway," Dick replied, quietly.

"Umph!" snorted Funston, and General Lawton laughed again.

"That's a joke on you, Colonel," he said. "So you thought he was a failure, eh? Ha! Ha! Ha! That is a good joke in view of the work he accomplished! Why, Funston,

if any person had told me it would be possible to do what this boy has done I should have told him he was crazy!"

"Um!" said Funston, still looking somewhat blank and dazed. "Where are those papers you speak of, General?"

"Here!" and General Lawton opened the drawer in the table and drawing forth a package of papers, laid them before Funston.

The colonel opened the papers and looked them over carefully. He could read some Spanish, having learned to both read and speak it during a year and a half of service in Cuba, and though the documents were written in the native Filipino dialect, it was so similar to the Spanish that he could make out enough of the contents of the papers to know that they contained a wonderful amount of information that would be of immense value to the American army.

"And you secured these in Aguinaldo's headquarters?" he asked, presently, looking at Dick with renewed interest, and an admiring light in his eyes.

"Yes, sir," replied the youth.

"Well, young man, I cheerfully retract what I said about having a notion to murder you!" the colonel said, with a smile.

"You are altogether too valuable a man to dispose of in such a manner. Shake! I'm proud of you, my boy!—proud to know that you are a member of the Twentieth Kansas!"

Dick blushed, and accepted the hand which the colonel extended, at the same time stammering out his thanks, and something to the effect that anyone else would have done just as well as he had done.

"We don't know it, my boy," Funston objected.

"We know what you have done, and it is impossible to say whether anyone else would have done the same thing or not. It is very doubtful whether anyone else would, as I believe it takes the right man in the right place to accomplish great works."

"I think you are right about that, Funston," assented General Lawton. "And now, in accordance with the plans I have mapped out since receiving these papers, I wish you to move your regiment a mile further out from the bay in a northerly direction. How soon can you execute the movement?"

"Oh, within the hour, if necessary."

"Well, take two hours. Select as good a position as you can find, and be in readiness for action at a moment's notice. I fancy matters will come to a head quickly, now."

"Very well, sir," said Funston, saluting.

"Your commands shall be obeyed."

"And by the way, Colonel," said General Lawton, "can you find a lieutenant's uniform anywhere that will fit this young fellow?" pointing to Dick.

Instantly Funston's eyes lighted up.

"I can, sir," he replied, promptly; "or rather, I will find one. He shall have it if I have to make it for him myself."

"Dick," he continued, turning to the youth, "you are in luck. It is not often that a man earns a lieutenantancy by one night's work!"

"I guess that is true," assented Dick, "and I assure you I had no expectation of being promoted when I did what I did."

And then he turned to General Lawton.

"I thank you, sir, for your kindness," he said, earnestly.

"No thanks are necessary, Lieutenant Dareall," the General said. "As Colonel Funston says, you have earned your promotion and have no one to thank but yourself."

"And what will my duties be now, sir?"

General Lawton studied for a few moments, and then said:

"For the present you may remain with your regiment. Later on I shall need you for some more secret work, but we have all the information needed for a time at least. Go with Funston, and he will instruct you in your duties as a lieutenant."

"Very well, sir," and Dick saluted.

"Come, Lieutenant Dareall," said Colonel Funston, and he led the way from the tent, followed by Dick.

"Lieutenant Dareall!" he thought, as he walked along beside the little colonel; "how strange that sounds!"

"Come to my tent," said Funston, and Dick went with his superior officer.

When inside the tent, the Colonel drew a lieutenant's uniform from out of his army trunk, and handed it to Dick.

"Put it on," he ordered.

Dick quickly doffed his soldier's suit, and donned the lieutenant's uniform, and when he had done so, Colonel Funston surveyed the youth's well-knit form and handsome face with pleasure.

"Good!" he said, in a tone of satisfaction. "Now go out and surprise the boys."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE FIRST BATTLE.

Dick Dareall was one of those brave, but modest and retiring youths, and he was not much for "showing off," but as Colonel Funston had practically ordered him to go out and let the boys see him in his new uniform, he did not feel that he could refuse. So putting on as bold a front as possible, he left the tent and made his way to

where a lot of the boys were sitting around, talking and laughing.

As Dick approached, the boys stopped talking and stared in open-mouthed astonishment.

"Oh, say, what does it mean, Dick?"

"Where'd you get the rig?"

"Gee! but he's got a sword!"

"What's up, Dick?"

The boys were surprised, and naturally so. Of them all, only Mark Cramer, who was in the secret, understood fully what was meant by Dick's appearance, rigged out in full lieutenant's uniform.

"Better go and get that lieutenant's rig off before the Colonel sees you," advised one. "If you don't it will mean ten days in the guard-house, or worse."

"Oh, I guess not!" said Dick, with a smile. And then, anxious to have the matter over with, he said:

"I've been promoted to a lieutenantancy, fellows."

"What?"

"No!"

"Great Gulliver!"

"Say, you're just a fooling!"

"No, I'm not fooling. It is the truth."

"For what have you been promoted?" asked one. "What have you been doing while the rest of us slept, Dick?"

"He's been snoring while we slept!" muttered Gilbert Marmaduke to Herbert Parkington, his chum, and a fellow of Gilbert's own caliber. "It's a fish story! He's no more a lieutenant than I am a captain!"

"That's what I think, too, Gilbert," acquiesced Herbert. "He's a great big blow."

"Oh, it wouldn't do for me to tell you what I've been doing," smiled Dick. "If you wish to know, real bad, you will have to ask General Lawton."

"I'll go right away and ask him!" said Harvey Waters, making as if to rise, and then dropping back with the remark, "I don't think!"

"My, but don't that sound big!" sneered Gilbert. "If you want to know real bad, go and ask General Lawton!" Bah! That fellow makes me sick!"

At this moment Colonel Funston stuck his head out of his tent, and called out:

"This way, Lieutenant Dareall, please! I wish to ask your opinion regarding some movements of the regiment which I am thinking of having made," and Dick hastened to the tent, leaving a gang of gaping, half-paralyzed youths behind him.

"Jupiter!" gasped one.

"Great Saltwater!"

"I'm flabbergasted!"

"He is a lieutenant as sure as guns!"

"There's no mistake about it!"

These and a score more exclamations were given vent to by the astonished youths, and Mark Cramer listened to the remarks with a quiet smile. He was the only one who had the least idea what Dick had been promoted for.

"Let them wonder and guess," he thought. "They would never hit upon the truth if they were to try a hundred years."

Soon the order came to break camp, and the boys were so busy they forgot about Dick. But when camp had been broken, and they had marched a mile or more inland and gone into camp again and things had got quieted down, they thought of the matter again and wondered how Dick Dareall had earned his promotion.

To do the boys justice, most of them were glad of Dick's good fortune, for he was a general favorite, but there were a few who were inclined to be envious and jealous and to attribute Dick's advancement to favoritism. Among these, the ring-leaders, in fact, were Gilbert Marmaduke and Herbert Parkington. They expressed themselves very freely to this effect, and desisted only when warned to do so by some of their comrades, who told them they would get themselves into trouble if they were not careful.

The youths became more careful in their remarks, but to himself Gilbert fumed impotently.

"That fellow does have the blindest luck!" he thought. "Here he is a lieutenant, made one for goodness only knows why, while I am still in the ranks. My governor is an ex-member of Congress, too, and worth all kinds of money! It's outrageous!"

And then he thought of Lottie Lee, and how she would think Dick was all there was, with his lieutenant's uniform on, and he gnashed his teeth with rage.

As for Dick, he knew nothing of what was being said about him by the boys, save for a few things Mark Cramer found opportunity to tell him, for he had been transferred to the officers' quarters.

At his first leisure he wrote a long letter to his mother and Lottie Lee, detailing his adventures and telling of his promotion, and in imagination he could see his two loved ones as they read the glorious news.

Days passed, and it was evident to Dick that trouble was expected at almost any time, for there was an air of repressed excitement among the higher officers, and it had communicated itself to the lower officers and even to the men in the ranks.

"There's going to be a fight before long," was remarked many times, and one night this belief was realized, for in the still hours of the night the sharp rattle of musketry was heard, and the drums called the army to arms.

The expected had happened. The battle was on!

The Twentieth Kansas was up and stirring in hot haste, and as soon as the men were ready Colonel Funston gave the order to advance.

This was done, and with beating hearts and poorly restrained excitement the soldiers moved forward.

On through the darkness the army moved. There was a moon, but it did not give much light on account of clouds, and the soldiers looked more like shadows than living beings as they moved along.

Nearer and nearer to the scene of the firing drew the regiment, and the boys grasped their guns and strained their eyes in the endeavor to pierce the darkness and see what was going on in front of them.

Presently the occasional ping! of a Mauser bullet was heard, and now the nerves of the boys were beginning to be put to the test. There is nothing pleasant about walking through darkness, and having the feeling that possibly the next instant a bullet will strike you between the eyes, and those who have never experienced this feeling cannot appreciate it properly.

Ping! Ping! Ping! came the bullets, faster and thicker now, and the sound of the musketry fire was close in front.

The boys were almost wild to fire. They were under an immense strain in advancing in this fashion, slowly and steadily, and without action of any kind, and they longed for something to do.

Consequently when the order came from Colonel Funston to fire at will, the boys gave utterance to a wild shout of joy and began firing as rapidly as they could.

Roar! Roar! Roar! went the guns, and all was excitement and confusion. The boys were in action now, and they no longer thought of the pinging bullets! Instead, they felt a wild thrill of exhilaration, and yelled like Indians, keeping up the firing, and advancing constantly.

Forward they went, and in each lull of the firing they could hear the voice of Colonel Funston yelling:

"Give it to 'em, boys! Pour it into them! Shoot all the loads out before your gun bursts! Get all out of it you can! Give it to 'em!"

And then the boys would yell like Indians again, advance and pour volley after volley into the darkness where they knew the Filipinos were!

Forward they went, and Dick Dareall, acting under instructions from Colonel Funston, was here, there and everywhere, encouraging the boys, giving orders, and fulfilling his duties as lieutenant in such good style as to win expressions of approval from Funston even in the thick of the fight.

The clouds cleared away, now, and the Filipinos were seen a couple of hundred yards in front. They were behind breastworks of brush and earth, and were firing as fast as they could, though their marksmanship was anything but good, most of their bullets going high.

As soon as he got sight of the enemy Colonel Funston waved his sword in the air and shouted:

"Cease firing!"

Instantly the boys obeyed, though wondering at the order, but the Colonel's next words explained.

"Yonder they are!" he cried. "We must go over those breastworks! All ready, now! Charge bayonets!"

Then with a wild yell the boys of the Twentieth Kansas charged forward like a Kansas cyclone, straight for the Filipinos, and at their head, on horseback, was Colonel Funston, and on foot, with waving sword and cheering words—Lieutenant Dick Dareall!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The suit to test the medical registration law at Peru, Ind., the other day, has behind it a story of manufactured tapeworms, according to the investigation made by the Attorney-General's department. In the early summer Dr. W. I. Swain appeared at Peru with an Indian medicine show, and he was charged with practicing medicine without a license, but was acquitted, as he did not prescribe any medicines or give other directions than were on the bottle. As the result of the investigation by the State, it is claimed that a stock of ready-made tapeworms was kept on hand, and that these were given to the suffering patient in large capsules. The tapeworms would be declared such remarkable specimens that the doctor asked the privilege of preserving them. His fame spread abroad through the country as being remarkably successful in his line, and he did a rushing business.

Are you a friend of Fred Fearnot? Let us hear from you. He appears in "Work and Win" every week.

"Isn't this the most delightful weather you ever saw?" exclaimed the exuberant young man. She turned upon him with that icy manner which only a Boston girl can command, and answered: "I never saw any weather. My impression has always been that weather is invisible."

[This story commenced in No. 264.]

"333"

OR,

The Boy Without a Name.

By GASTON GARNE,

Author of "His Last Chance," "Holding His Own," "Enchanted Mountain," "The Boy Cliff Climbers," etc., etc.

CHAPTER X.

333 EARNs A \$5,000 REWARD.

As we have mentioned before, 333 felt no sympathy whatever with Mr. Mellen, the defaulting cashier of the Twentieth National Bank.

He regarded him simply as a thief and a scoundrel, as he undoubtedly was.

All the messenger boy was thinking of now was how he could get hold of the cash box, restore the money to the bank and claim the reward.

All 333's adventures seemed to have simple endings.

This one began full of complications and ended in the usual way.

As the lantern was flashed upon the money diggers through the fog both 333 and Mr. Mellen recognized Detective Ned Nelson, Pete Nugent's assistant.

Here was a worse enemy than Garry for the defaulter.

He instantly whipped out a revolver and fired, and the detective fired back at him.

Neither shot took effect, apparently.

"Run, 333! Run for your life with the box! Wait for me up on Third avenue! I'll be there if I escape!" whispered Mr. Mellen, firing again.

This time the detective got the shot in the left arm, and fell back with a cry of pain, firing as he did so.

What the end of it was 333 did not find out then, for he ran off into the fog as though Satan himself was at his heels.

"Stop! Stop there, you boy!"

"Bang! Bang! Bang!"

Shouts and shots followed the messenger boy.

They only sent him on the faster.

333 had the big end of the stick, for he had the money, and he had no more idea of stopping than he had of drowning himself in the bay.

But could he escape?

For a few moments it seemed doubtful.

He could hear several persons running after them.

The beach was covered with loose stones, slippery with sea weed and hard to run over.

He tried it higher up, but the sand impeded his progress here.

Further up still was the high bluff, and 333 found himself against it in a moment.

He would have climbed to the top if such a thing had been possible, but it was not right here, so he changed his tactics and dropped down behind a big boulder and lay there panting, waiting for his pursuers to go by.

It was the fog that saved him.

Three men were up to the boulder in a moment.

333 took them for the captain of the Tormentor and a couple of the deck hands, and probably they were.

"He must have gone this way!" cried one.

"He did!" replied the other. "Confound his picture. It's a blame shame to lose the money now with our share of the reward in sight."

They ran on.

In a moment Detective Nelson followed them, shouting as he passed the boulder to know if they had got the boy.

"Not yet," muttered 333. "I must look sharp, though. I expect Mellen has escaped them. I don't want to meet him any more than I want them to find me."

He crept along under the bluff until he came to a flight of wooden steps leading up from a bath house built on the beach.

This discovery ended all difficulty.

333 was upon the shore road in a moment.

Here he ran for dear life until he came to a cross street, through which he hurried up to Third avenue.

A trolley car from Fort Hamilton was just passing, and it whirled the messenger and his precious box away to the Brooklyn bridge.

It was with a feeling of intense relief that the boy settled back in the seat and watched the flitting lights on the avenue.

"I'm right in it now," he thought. "I don't see how they can help giving me the reward."

In due time 333 reached his room, and when he went to the office next day the cash box went with him, and Mr. Wilkie, the manager, had the pleasure of listening to his strange tale.

"Well, upon my word, you seem to be born to good luck!" said Mr. Wilkie. "This box certainly belongs to the Twentieth National bank."

"Shall I take it up there, sir?" asked the messenger boy, respectfully.

"I think you had better. We have nothing to do with Nugent's detective office. You answered the call and did your work, and came very near losing your life by doing it. Yes, you shall take it there alone. I'll settle with Nugent. Don't you open your mouth on the subject except to me or the bank people; unless, indeed, the case comes into court; then you will have to speak."

"All right, sir," replied 333, and he walked boldly into the bank and inquired for Mr. Danvers, the president.

He was shown into a private office, where he met a white-haired, stately old gentleman, who looked pale and careworn, and so feeble that 333 felt sorry for him.

"Well, my boy, what do you want with me?" he asked. "Great heavens! Our cash box! Where in the world did you get this?"

This exclamation was the beginning of a long talk.

333 told his story.

The box was opened and in it the greater part of the stolen funds were found.

Others came in and the story was told again and again.

Mr. Danvers was greatly excited.

He questioned 333 most closely about Mr. Mellen.

"I wonder if he escaped?" he kept saying. "I wonder if he escaped?"

"Can I go now, sir?" asked the messenger boy, when he again found himself alone with the bank president.

"Yes—that is, wait. There is a reward here. You are certainly entitled to it. I will confer with the directors. What is your name?"

"Well, sir, it may seem strange to you, but I really haven't any name," was the answer. "You better use my number, same as everyone else does. Put me down as 333."

"But you surely must have a name," persisted Mr. Danvers.

"You can call me Pat Murphy if you want to. That is the name I used to go by. I'm a foundling, sir. I don't know anything about myself. I didn't like that name, so I dropped it, and now everybody calls me 333."

"A foundling," repeated Mr. Danvers, looking at him fixedly. "Dear me, you look so much like her—but no! It is impossible. Tell me your history, boy?"

"I haven't any, sir."

"But you must have some life story. Have you always lived in New York?"

"Always. When I was a kid I lived with an old woman named Murphy. She had half a dozen boys like me. We used to beg for her and she beat us when we didn't bring in any money. When I got bigger I ran away and sold papers and blacked boots and did any old thing to support myself. At last I got acquainted with a Wall street gent and he got me on the district force and I've been there ever since. That's all the story I've got."

"Poor boy! You've had a hard time of it, I suppose," mused the bank president.

"Yes, sir, I have, but I have worked hard and tried to keep myself respectable. It would have been an easy matter for me to turn out a bum, but I just wouldn't and that's all. But what about that reward?"

"You'll hear from me later. How correctly you speak! Have you been to school?"

"To night school, sir. Never had a chance to go to day school."

"Ah! Those night schools are good things. Well, my boy, I will not forget you. To put \$10,000 into your hands involves a great responsibility, but—well, I'll see about it. I have no right to hold the money back, I suppose."

This ended the interview.

333 did not see Mr. Danvers again for some time, however.

Later he heard that Mr. Mellen was the president's nephew and that he had escaped the detectives and no one knew where he had gone.

Later still—it was a month—333 was sent for and upon going to the bank received the sum of \$5,000 in cash.

Mr. Danvers was not there then. It was said that he was sick and confined to the house.

The remaining \$5,000 went to Nugent's private detective agency, which 333 thought rather unjust, but Mr. Wilkie advised him to be satisfied with what he had got, so 333 pocketed the cash, signed a receipt and went back to work, and not a messenger boy in the office ever knew of his good fortune, for he kept right at his post just as though nothing had occurred.

CHAPTER XI.

WHO SAID DIANA?

It was some months before 333 had another adventure worthy of special note.

This being a true story of real adventure in the life of a New York messenger boy, we propose to take them in the order in which they occurred.

Meanwhile 333 worked straight on, for he knew no other business and rather enjoyed the excitement of a messenger boy's life.

"You cannot hope to do much toward bettering yourself until you have gone a little

further with your education," said Mr. Wilkie, who had become a staunch friend of the boy. "Keep on at night school for awhile longer and I will see what I can do for you."

"You can't do anything for me, Mr. Wilkie," replied 333, quietly. "My mind is made up."

"What do you propose?" asked the manager.

"To educate myself. I'm going through college. I can never be anything until I'm educated. I know that perfectly well."

"You've got a long head, 333," said Mr. Wilkie. "I was going to advise you to invest your money in real estate, but if you mean to use it as you say, perhaps it would be better to let it stay in bank."

"Just what I intend to do, Mr. Wilkie. I'm not fitted for college yet, but another year at night school will put me there, my teacher says."

"Well, don't study too hard," said Mr. Wilkie. "It seems most too much for a boy to work all day and all night, too. Still you are one of the kind that get there, 333."

So the messenger boy worked on and the summer passed and fall came again. It was early in November when his next strange adventure came.

It was either the tenth or the twelfth of the month, we are not sure which, when there came a call to an office on Broad street in which a district telegraph instrument had just been placed a few days before.

"By Jove; here's that man Oliver at it again!" exclaimed Mr. Wilkie, as the number dropped. "He has put in more calls for new hands than any one I ever saw. Guess you better take him this time, 333."

It was the first time 333 had been sent to Mr. Oliver, although most of the other boys had taken their turn there.

"Hello, tree-ty-tree. Where are yez off to now?" asked Danny O'Neil, happening to run into our hero at the corner of Broad and New streets as he was hurrying along to answer his call.

"Oliver, No. — Broad," was the answer. "Gee! You don't say? Know what I tink about dat shop, tree-ty-tree?"

"No, Dan. What?"

"Crooked," said Danny, rolling up his eyes mysteriously.

"What makes you think so?"

"Oh, I'd'n know. I kinder suspicion 'em. The boss wears black specs fer wan ting. Dere's a blame pretty gal in dere, dough."

"Oh, you are always looking out for crooks," laughed our messenger boy, as he hurried away.

The building on Broad street to which 333 had been sent was one of the older ones. It was shabby and in bad order, and had no elevator.

333 climbed the stairs to the top floor and found Mr. Oliver's name on a door in the rear.

"Miscellaneous Securities," was below it, which really gave no clue to the man's business.

333 opened the door and found that the place, though small, was well furnished.

A middle-aged gentleman wearing black spectacles sat at a desk busily writing, but there was no other sign of the pretty girl than a typewriting machine in one corner.

333 thought that the vacant chair before it might be hers, but of course he could not tell.

"Hello, boy, you're slow," growled the man, looking up. Take this letter and go to the Cortlandt street ferry. Be there at four o'clock, and watch the passengers off the boat. If a man comes up to you and says Diana, you give him the letter. That's all. You come right away then, but if he don't come you are to be there again at six and watch for him. Understand?"

"Yes, sir," replied 333, taking the letter.

He got out of the office in a hurry, and ran back to Mr. Wilkie as fast as he could go.

Unfortunately the manager had gone home for the day, and 333 felt very sorry for this.

It is not necessary to say anything more in explanation of the reason than to mention that the shrewd little fellow had recognized Mr. Oliver in spite of his black spectacles as a gentleman whom he had met before.

It was none other than "Curtis."

The recollection of the adventure in the department store came back to 333 with full force.

"Danny was right. It's the same old gang of crooks," thought 333. "What shall I do about it, as long as Mr. Wilkie is not around?"

He thought a moment, and determined to say nothing to Mr. Wilkie's assistant.

"I rather think I'm in for another adventure with those fellows," he said to himself. "I'm just going to put it through alone."

So he went to the ferry and stood before the gates, when the four o'clock boat came in.

He was there two boats ahead, and he waited three boats after, but no one spoke to him.

Then he went back to the office and made a confidant of Danny O'Neil.

"I want your help, Dan," he said, after telling him his suspicions. "You can spare me the evening, can't you?"

"You bet I can, tree-ty-tree," replied Danny. "You seem to get all dat kind of

calls. I'd just like to get in on one for de fun of de ting. What do you want me to do?"

"Just to watch me, Dan, and follow me, if I go off with anyone. Keep your eyes open and if you think there is any danger for me call a cop and tell him all about it. I'm going to see this thing through to the end, but I don't care to get myself into trouble again."

"I'm wid yez anny way, tree-ty-tree," declared Danny. "Come along."

So Danny stood on the corner of Cortlandt street and West watching 333 while our messenger boy watched the gate when six o'clock came.

It was now dark, and there was a tremendous crowd going over the ferry.

They jostled 333 so that he could scarcely keep his wits about him. But he kept his hand on the letter which, by the way, bore the superscription, "Mr. Sawyer, Addressed."

The six o'clock boat came in, but no one spoke to 333.

He waited for the next, and among the first passengers to come through the gate was a stout, thick-set fellow with a big felt hat and a shabby old overcoat, who attracted his attention by the way he stared around.

"A countryman," thought 333. "Wonder if that's my man? He's rubber-necking enough, anyhow."

Just then the man's eyes rested upon him.

He walked right past 333.

"Diana!"

Somebody said it!

Was it the man in the shabby overcoat? 333 thought so. He sprang forward and laid his hand upon the man's arm.

CHAPTER XII.

MR. SAWYER.

"Well, boy, what do you want with me?" asked the man in a half surly way, walking straight on across West street.

He looked at 333 sharply, however, and the boy saw that his face wore a peculiar smile.

"Did you say Diana?" asked 333.

"What if I did?"

"In that case I have a letter for you, providing you can tell me the name on the envelope."

"Hello! Suppose I told you that the name was Sawyer?"

"That would be all right. Here's the letter, sir."

"Don't give it to me here, boy. Go across to the gin mill on the corner. I'll talk to you there."

333 pulled away immediately.

"Watch me, Danny," he whispered, as he passed his friend.

"Is dat de mug wid de big coat?" asked Danny.

"Yes."

"Say, tree-ty-tree, he's no crook. He's straight."

"Get back! Don't follow me now," answered 333, but he placed a good deal of confidence in Danny's quick wit just the same.

"I think he's straight, too," muttered 333. When he entered the saloon the man was at the bar pouring out a huge drink of whisky.

"Here's a letter for you, Mr. Sawyer," said 333, walking up to him.

"Hello! Letter for me. Yes, that's right," was the reply.

Mr. Sawyer tore open the envelope, glanced at the letter and thrust it into his pocket.

"Have a drink, bub?" he said in his abrupt way.

"No, sir. I don't drink," replied 333. "Have a package of cigarettes then?"

"No, sir, thank you. I don't smoke cigarettes."

"Well, have this?" It was a silver dollar this time, and 333 dropped it into his pocket.

"I'd like to say a word to you, mister," he ventured to remark.

"Say it," replied Mr. Sawyer, putting his glass on the bar and turning suddenly upon the messenger boy.

"You're a stranger in town, perhaps, sir?"

"I am. Never was in New York before in my life. I belong south. Well?"

"I think I ought to warn you to be careful how you deal with the man who wrote that letter. That's all."

"Why?"

"I don't want to say. It's not my business."

"By Jove, I'll make it your business, then! I pay for what I get. I want to get what you know."

"I happen to know that he has been in trouble with the police, that's all, sir."

"Just so. Much obliged. Boy, I suppose you know all the ins and outs of this yer town?"

"Well, I know it pretty well, sir."

"Born hyar, p'r'aps?"

"Yes."

"Never lived nowhere else, mebbe?"

"No."

"Are you through your day's work?"

"Yes, sir. This will be my last call."

"Come with me, then, and stick close to me. Ten dollars for the job. Is it a go?"

"Yes," replied 333, promptly, for he was determined to see the adventure through.

Mr. Sawyer paid for his drink, bought a dollar's worth of cigars, and thrusting them loose in his pocket, hastily left the saloon.

"Take me to Broadway, boy," he said, and up Cortlandt street they went with Danny O'Neill close at their heels. They walked along up town on Broadway for several blocks, Mr. Sawyer never speaking a word.

But his eyes were everywhere, and when he reached the Astor House he stepped up to an empty cab which stood at the curb and said something to the driver in a low voice.

"In with you!" he exclaimed, as the cab door was thrown open, and before the messenger boy could say a word Mr. Sawyer had pushed him into the cab. He sprang in after him and closed the door.

"Now, then, tell me all you know about this man Oliver!" he exclaimed, as the cab started on up town.

333 thought of Danny, but it was too late to do anything about that now.

He could see no reason why he should not tell the story of the shoplifting incident to Mr. Sawyer, and he did so, stopping right there and saying nothing about the mysterious house up town.

"Huh! A crook! I thought as much," growled Mr. Sawyer.

He lit a cigar and for a while smoked in silence. The cab ran up Park Row and turned into the Bowery, stopping in front of a clothing store.

"Get out here and go in and fit yourself to a suit of clothes. Leave your uniform to be sent home to-morrow," said Mr. Sawyer, putting a ten-dollar bill into the messenger boy's hand.

Then he leaned out and called up an address to the driver.

"That's our next call," he said, as 333 stepped out of the cab. "What are you waiting for, boy? Why don't you go in?"

"Because I've got something more to tell you," replied 333. "You'd better look out!"

The address given was that of the mysterious house up town in which 333 and Mr. Babcock had their strange experience now more than a year ago.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Millions Without Owners.

"The records of the treasury are full of romances," said a treasury official. "Take that bureau called the division of abandoned lands and property, for example. It is in itself one great romance. Why, there is \$13,000,000 in its keeping belonging to people in the south alone. You see, during and at the close of the civil war valuable property of all sorts fell into the hands of army officials and was turned into the treasury. Finally the amount became so great that when William E. Chandler became assistant secretary he created a division to have charge of the entire matter. More than \$12,000,000 charged to that division is the proceeds of cotton taken from plantations and towns all over the south and sold.

"I know of one case in which \$2,000,000 worth of cotton was taken from a far south plantation when the staple was worth \$500 a bale and sold. The people to whom it belonged were not rebels at all, but were always loyal to the union. They haven't an idea where their cotton went to. Their names were on the bales and it wouldn't be difficult for them to make their case if they only knew what to do. It is nearly thirty-seven years since the money was deposited there. I don't know whether any of the owners are alive or not, and if they are it is hardly probable that they will ever get back what is really their own. All the testimony in the case is in the possession of the government, and it never lets go anything it gets its hands on. The agent who took this cotton is dead long ago, as is the man who sold it. So you see the owners could not prove their case by either of them.

"There are other instances similar to this. In 1863 we received from a government agent more than \$100,000, which was the proceeds of cotton taken from a foreigner supposed to be a blockade runner in one of the larger cotton cities of the south. When Secretary McCulloch heard of this he said:

"This money is only held in trust by the government. Some day we shall be obliged to account for it, for the United States has really no right to keep it! But from that time until now no demand has ever been made on us for it, and there it lies. I doubt if the owner ever knew just where it did go."

There is now under construction at a Baltimore shipyard a large floating dry dock for the United States navy, which is to be stationed at Algiers, La., the plans for which were prepared by Messrs. Clark & Standfield, London. This dock will not be launched in the regular manner, but is being constructed in a basin dredged for the purpose, into which the water will be admitted when she is ready to be floated.

[This story began in No. 263.]

The Boss of the Camp;

OR,

The Boy Who Was Never Afraid.

By R. T. EMMET,

Author of "Left on Treasure Island," "Cal, the Canvas Boy," "The Boy from Tombstone," "Nobody's Son," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE BIG ROOM IN DEATH VALLEY.

"Drop that gun, Martin Dill! I'm boss of this camp, and I propose to hold my own against all intruders. Do you understand?"

Harry Holloway's bold bluff worked like a charm.

Martin Dill and his friends had heard something about the doings of this brave boy before.

None of them seemed to care to tackle him under the circumstances.

"Say, I don't want no muss," growled Dill. "If this is your claim, why stay on it, and we'll locate elsewhere."

"Come, that's business," replied Harry. "I want a rush here. I want to see a big mining camp on this land, but I propose to be the boss, or know the reason why."

"So you said before," responded Dill. "I'm a peaceable man. We are all peaceable men. Show us where your line ends and the public land begins, and there we'll go."

Harry now had the fellow just where he wanted him, and he assumed a more moderate tone.

He showed Dill the old creek line and explained to him that it divided the public land from that owned by Mr. Hollister.

"You can stake out claims anywhere over the line," he added, "and I wish you every success."

This advice was followed.

The newcomers pitched their tents across the dry creek and next morning each man staked out his claim.

The first thing Harry did was to paint on a piece of board:

"This is the town of Holloway." He and Rob had tossed up a silver dollar the night before to determine for which the new camp should be named.

It came down heads and that meant Harry, so the sign was nailed to a stake and the stake driven in the sand, all of which being accomplished, the boys went to work digging again.

That day they took out nearly a thousand dollars, and the next it was eight hundred.

Across the creek Martin Dill and his friends struck pay dirt in one or two places, but having no water, could not wash, so it was impossible to say just how rich a find they had made.

All the second day and all the third, and every day for a week, men kept coming into the camp.

The news of the rich strike seemed to have spread itself all over the region.

Miners came flocking in on horses, in wagons, on mules and on foot.

Some went to work for others; some staked out claims on the public land and started for themselves.

Water was carted in from Rodman's creek, and washing went on daily.

Everywhere the sand was found to contain gold.

In some places there was a lot of it, in others only a trace, but nowhere was it any richer than on the Holloway & Rollins claim, as the boys had named their mine.

It was a big strike, and it brought a big rush with it.

Inside of a month the new town of Holloway was in full boom.

Shanties began going up in every direction.

Stores, gambling saloons, dance houses and gin mills were started all along the creek, but at the very beginning Harry Holloway took hold with a firm hand.

He made friends rapidly, and some enemies, of course. At the end of the first week a regular town was organized, and Harry was elected mayor, while Martin Dill, who had struck it rich at the start and was now Harry's firm friend in consequence, was chosen constable.

"Holloway is the boss of the camp, and I'm his right bower," he took pride in saying, and it was a fact that he stood ready to fight for Harry every time.

Another month passed and the camp was still booming.

Holloway & Rollins had a fine artesian well on their claim now, and there was another across the creek.

The waste water was run into the creek, and the old dry bed became a swiftly running stream below the wells.

This water was used for gold washing all along the line, each claim owner paying a small tax for the privilege, which money went to meet the expenses of the rapidly growing town.

It seems almost a pity to pass over all this wonderful growth in the new mining camp so rapidly, but we must get on to other and more interesting business.

These mushroom mining towns are com-

mon things in the far West, although it is not often that a boy of Harry Holloway's age is responsible for their sudden rise and rapid growth.

"The only thing you've got to look out for, my boy, is that you don't get a case of the big head," said Mr. Hollister, when Harry came to make his second payment. "Go on as you have begun and you will undoubtedly become a rich man, but if you get to thinking too much of yourself there's no telling where it will all end."

"I don't intend to do that, sir, you can be very sure," laughed Harry. "I know that such strikes as we have made don't come once in a lifetime. I'm going to hold on to what I've got and work it for all it is worth."

"You'll have me down there in about a month," said Mr. Hollister. "I'm going to start up a claim next to yours, and see what I can make in Death Valley. Look out for me, young man."

Harry left the mill office and started up Main street toward the hotel, where he proposed to get supper.

No one can blame him for feeling rather proud of his success.

He now stood at the head of one of the most prosperous mining camps in New Mexico, when only a few short weeks before he had entered this same town of Wicksburg a poor boy.

He was thinking of all these things and wondering how Rob was getting along down at the mine, when all at once a young girl stepped up to him, saying:

"How do you do, Mr. Holloway? Have you forgotten me?"

"Why, it's Jennie Mills!" cried Harry, shaking hands. "As though I could ever forget you! How are things with you, Jennie? Has your father got anything to do yet? Do you know I was going to look him up right away after supper. I want just such a man to help me over in Death Valley. Perhaps you may have heard that I'm running a mine there now?"

"I know all about it," replied Jennie, hurriedly. "Mr. Holloway, I must speak with you. I've got something very important to say."

"Hello! What's the matter now, Jennie?" Harry asked. "Remember, I've got a first name, and you needn't call me anything else. You look scared half to death. Nothing wrong with your father I hope."

"Yes there is, Harry," replied the girl, earnestly. "Father doesn't work now. He never will again. It's nothing but drinking and gambling all the time. Oh, Harry, I am so wretched. I can't begin to tell you. But we mustn't be seen talking here. Can't you meet me up by the old bridge at midnight? Our bridge, you know. Don't say no! You must do it. I've got something most important to say."

"Why, certainly I can, if you wish it, Jennie," replied Harry; "but tell me—"

"Ask me nothing—nothing now," replied the girl earnestly, and she turned and hurried through the door which led up over Dyball's saloon.

CHAPTER XIV.

A USELESS WARNING.

"What in the world can Jennie mean?" thought our young miner, as he sat at supper in the hotel that evening and the thought occurred to him again and again as the hours wore on, and it made him somewhat uneasy, it must be admitted.

Down in Death Valley there were not more than fifty men all told upon whom Harry could count in case of an emergency.

He knew that out of the hundred or more beside those who went to make up the camp, there were many who were very jealous of his success, and who altogether resented his title to be called the "boss of the camp."

"Perhaps it's a plot to down me," he thought, and the reflection made him so uneasy that he went out and visited one gambling saloon after another, watching the games, but not taking any part in them, for, although our hero was by no means perfect, gambling was not one of his vices.

He regarded it as not only wrong, but a great waste of time.

Everywhere he went men gathered around him and eagerly questioned the boy about the Death Valley diggings.

He had dozens of invitations to drink and as many more to play, but he declined them all, and at last growing tired of it, went back to the hotel, and at last walked out to the bridge where his memorable fight with the toughs had taken place, which, it will be remembered, was but a short distance out of town.

"I wonder what on earth Jennie can want," he kept saying to himself as he walked along under the towering cliffs. "It must be something mighty important, or she would not have been so serious about it."

A little further on he came to the bridge, which had now been restored to its original condition.

Here he paused, his attention being instantly attracted by a light flashing along the trail ahead.

It was there one instant and gone the next, but Harry could not help thinking that it had been thrown upon him, and he was hurrying across the bridge to see what it meant when Jennie suddenly stepped out

from behind a projecting rock and stood directly in his path.

"Oh, Harry, I'm so glad you have come!" she exclaimed; "but I'm afraid it is too late!"

"Too late for what, Jennie? What does all this mystery mean?" demanded Harry, eagerly. Was that you with the lantern? I see you have one in your hand."

"Yes, I put it out. We may be watched. They are gone, Harry. I understood that they were to meet at midnight, and I wanted you to be here so that you could listen to their talk. They mean to ruin you—to kill you if necessary. That man Barney is at the bottom of it, and he is using my father for a tool."

"But I don't understand, Jennie. What can they do to me? What good would it do them to kill me? Barney claims that I was the cause of his brother's death, I know, and it may be revenge on his part, but—"

"It isn't that!" broke in Jennie. "I don't understand it myself, but it is something to do with your claim. These men met at our house last week. They have met several times since, and the talk is all about downing you. Then Barney got a big gang of toughs together from all over this region, and they've been camping here in Little Sink. To-morrow was the day set for whatever it is they mean to do, but the horses are all gone, and there is no one here, so I think they must have changed their plans and started off to-night. Come this way, Harry, and I'll show you where they were."

Then Harry learned something about the canyon that he had never known before, for Jennie led the way around the point of rocks and showed him a narrow opening in the towering wall hardly big enough for a mounted man to pass through. Lighting the lantern now, she hurried on, coming out in a moment into a small sink, or what would have been a cave if it had a roof.

The stars were shining above them and the rocks were all around them, and there on the ground was the remains of a fire and traces of horses.

It was evident that a large company of mounted men had been there and departed but a short time before.

Harry now questioned Jennie more closely, but did not succeed in learning anything definite of the nature of the plot against his camp.

"I can't tell you what they mean to do, but there is sure to be trouble," she kept saying. "You want to get back at once."

Harry quite agreed with her, and they hurriedly returned to Wicksburg.

"Well, I'm ever and ever so much obliged to you for what you tried to do for me," Harry said, as he parted with the brave girl at her own door. "Keep your eyes and ears open, Jennie, and if you hear or see anything that you think I ought to know, don't fail to let me hear from you. I shall not forget the interest you have shown in me."

Then it was "good night," and Harry hurriedly saddled his horse and started for Holloway.

He was heavily armed and ready for any emergency.

Not one boy in ten thousand would have ventured to ride over that lonely trail in the dead of night, knowing what he knew, but Harry was not afraid.

Nothing occurred. He did not meet a soul.

At a little before five o'clock he rode up to his shanty and Rob sprang out of his bunk to open the door for him.

"Any news?" asked Harry.

"No, nothing that I know of," was the reply. "What on earth brought you over the trail in the night? Has anything gone wrong?"

Harry told his story while putting his horse up, and Rob was as much mystified as he was.

But there was no explanation of the mystery that day nor the next.

The boys worked on steadily.

They now had half a dozen men employed sinking a shaft on the line of their claim, from which Harry proposed to run drifts right and left, thinking that they could easiest get at the underlying gold deposit by that method.

Harry was in the shaft almost all the time during working hours, for there was more or less gold always showing, and he preferred to keep an eye on it.

He was busy at his work on the afternoon of the third day, following his return from Wicksburg, when Rob's voice was suddenly heard calling:

"Oh, Harry! I wish you'd come up! There's a man here who wants to see you, and I can't make out what he is after."

Harry got into the tub, gave the signal and was hoisted up.

A big, heavily bearded fellow, who had ridden up on horseback, stood leaning against the door post.

"Howdy," he said, gruffly. "Are you Harry Holloway, the fellow they call the boss of this ver camp?"

"I am. What do you want?" Harry replied, eyeing the stranger with a good deal of suspicion.

At the same time he saw across the creek along which ran the new main street a great number of mounted men riding into the camp.

They were strangers, every one of them, and an ill-looking lot besides.

"This is a strike!" flashed across Harry's mind instantly.

"What do you want?" he repeated, for the big man stood staring without saying a word.

"You!" cried the fellow, suddenly dealing Harry a stunning blow between the eyes which sent him tumbling back upon the sand like a log.

It was a bold move, for there stood Rob and two workmen right in front of him. The other four men were down in the shaft.

"Whoever raises a hand to interfere with me dies!" shouted the stranger, whipping out a revolver and firing at Rob, who fell wounded in the shoulder.

The two men ducked and ran for their lives.

Evidently the shot was a signal, for at the same instant firing began across the creek.

CHAPTER XV.

THE RAID ON THE CAMP.

Harry was not knocked out by any means. He simply lost his footing and fell.

All in an instant he realized his danger, and to remain boss of the camp he must show himself master of the situation then.

If the boy had been a fool he would have jumped up and tackled his burly antagonist, but being nothing of the sort, Harry lay perfectly still and waited for the man's next move.

The fellow stepped up and was in the act of bending down over Harry when our hero, who had a pair of arms as strong as iron, suddenly seized him by the ankles and pulled his legs from under him, tumbling the man over backward.

"Help here, boys! Help!" he shouted, throwing himself upon the man, jamming his knee into the pit of the fellow's stomach and winding him in short order.

The two miners ran to his assistance.

Rob, who had received nothing worse than a flesh wound, was on his feet in an instant, and at Harry's side.

"Don't kill me! Don't kill me!" panted the tough.

"You ought to be shot!" cried Harry. "I'll settle you later, though. Tie him up, boys! Tie him in the hut! Get the fellows out of the shaft! Follow me across the creek. This is a raid to clean us out, but I'll show them that I'm boss of the camp!"

He sprang into the hut, seized his rifle and vaulted upon the stranger's horse.

"Stay where you are, Rob!" he shouted. "You're in no shape to follow me!" and off he dashed across the creek.

There was lively business going on over there.

Fully fifty mounted men were dashing along the street, firing into the stores and shouting like mad.

Looking up the valley, Harry could see as many more tearing down toward the camp.

It was a well-organized raid, made with the deliberate intention of capturing the camp, and running off all the gold to be got at.

Harry saw this at a glance, and realized that he was powerless to stop it as matters stood.

There was no attempt made at resistance by the store-keepers.

They scrambled out of their back windows and ran for their lives.

It was the same with the miners.

Harry could see them scattering in all directions, while not a few ran forward to meet the invaders.

Harry could hear them shouting:

"Come on, boys! Come on! We've got the big end of the stick! The camp is ours! Come on!"

Now, what could a boy like Harry Holmway do against such an invasion as this?

Nothing by riding into the teeth of the enemy.

Harry turned his horse back across the creek and sprang from the saddle at the door of the hut where Rob and the six men stood staring over at the camp in silent dismay.

"It's all up with us, boss," said Sam Pendergast, one of the miners. "We'd better light out."

"Not while I'm boss of the camp do I give up," answered Harry between his set teeth. "Get out the horses, boys! We'll make a move. Of course we've got to light out now, but these fellows will see me back again. Don't you fear."

Not a moment was lost in saddling the horses.

Rob did his share, for he was not much hurt.

By this time the toughs had swept from one end of Main street to the other.

They had been joined by fully fifty of the miners, and now the boys could see them looking across the creek.

"Here they come!" cried Rob.

"That's what's the matter," replied Harry, calmly. "Mount!"

All sprang into the saddle.

"Let her go! Follow me, boys!" was the next order.

Off they dashed up the valley.

It seemed hard to have to abandon everything they had worked so hard to gain, but as matters stood there was no help for it then.

A shower of shots flew after them.

Twenty or more men started in pursuit, some jumping their horses over the creek, others riding back above the wells where the bed was dry, with the evident intention of heading Harry's party off.

Meanwhile the hundred or more miners and store-keepers, gamblers and idlers who had fled from the camp were gathering at the foot of the hills which shut in the valley on the other side.

"There are our friends. We must join them, if we die for it!" cried Harry, turning his horse abruptly toward the dry bed of the upper creek.

"We can never get there alive," gasped Rob. "They'll head us off sure."

"Shan't we open fire, boss?" asked Sam Pendergast. "Do you mean to ride right into the teeth of the enemy and let them have it all their own way?"

"Save your powder till it can be of some use," replied Harry coolly.

He dashed on, followed closely by his little band.

On came the toughs behind them.

"Head them off, boys!" shouted Barney, who was in the lead, calling to the party coming up the creek. "That chap ahead is the one we want. Shoot him down!"

"Halt!" cried Harry, suddenly reining in. Every horse came to a standstill.

"Fire!" shouted Harry, throwing up his rifle.

It was eight against at least thirty, but not one hesitated.

Eight rifles spoke then, and eight shots went flying at the enemy, now not more than a dozen yards away.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"Happy Days" is the only up-to-date story paper published. It can't do enough for its readers.

Colorado's Burning Mountain.

A mountain, which has been on fire for more than one hundred years, is situated just west of Newcastle, Col. So close is it that its shadow envelops the town at 5 P. M. at this time of the year, and yet the people hereabouts think no more of it than of the beautiful Grand River which washes the feet of the huge pile where the fire has burned so long. To the tenderfoot, however, the glittering patches of deep red fire, where it breaks out on the side of the mountain and is exposed to view, there is nothing in all the State quite its equal.

The fire is fed by a big vein of coal which the mountain contains. Just how the coal became ignited is not known. The oldest resident says it was on fire when he came and the Ute Indians, who once lived there, say it was burning many years before the first white man crossed the continental divide. The supposition is that the coal was ignited by a forest fire at an early date in the present century. It has smoldered and steadily burned until this day. At night when the moon is dark is the best time to see the fire. Then it is that it resembles the regions of inferno as given us in the word-painting of Dante. The earth, covering the coal is loosened by the heat and falls away, exposing the sheet of fire.

Efforts have been made to extinguish the fire. Some time ago a company which owns a large amount of coal land constructed a ditch from a point several miles above the mountain, into which it succeeded in turning the water which goes to form Elk creek.

Previously a shaft had been sunken in the mountain and into this shaft the water was permitted to flow. The shaft was soon filled, but the fire was above the level of the water, and the effort was a failure.

Answers to Correspondents.

To Correspondents.

Do not ask questions on the same sheet of paper with mail orders, as they will not be answered. Correspondents, in sending a number of questions, will aid us greatly by writing on one side of the paper only. If this is not done, questions will have to be rewritten by those who send them. NOTICE is now given that hereafter no letters will be answered unless addressed "EDITOR OF HAPPY DAYS, 24 Union Square, New York."

NOTICE.

Readers of HAPPY DAYS who send questions to be answered in this column should bear in mind that HAPPY DAYS is made up and printed two weeks in advance of publication; consequently it will take from two to three weeks from the time we receive the questions before the answers will appear in print, and should the questions require any special research it may take longer. If readers will take this matter into consideration, they will readily see the folly of requesting us to put the answers to their questions in the next issue of the paper.

LEON EVANS.—There is no premium on a dime of 1835.

VINCENT BEVEWAY.—See answer to "A Lobster," in this column.

TERRY.—January 16, 1836, came on Saturday, and March 1, 1835, on Sunday.

PLUCK AND LUCK.—We cannot publish the name and address of a coin dealer in this column.

A. M. DENCER.—The story "Wall Street Will" ended in No. 261 of this paper, but through a typographical error the notice "The End" was omitted.

GEORGE MILLER.—Chas. W. Murphy made one mile, paced by a locomotive, in 57.45 seconds, on the Long Island railroad, near Amityville, June 30, 1899. He rode a wheel geared to 120.

JNO. S. SHEEHAN.—We cannot furnish private addresses of that kind. Read the advertisements in some of the leading sporting and dramatic papers and you will, no doubt, find what you want.

A. P. RICHARDS.—It would be impossible to answer your question unless you fully describe the boat. Give length, breadth, depth, material of hull, whether with or without centerboard, and style of rigging you intend to use.

MRS. T. GARDNER.—The pianos, of which you will find a description on the 16th page of this paper, are first-class in every particular, and would be a desirable ornament to any parlor. You cannot make any mistake in trying to get one.

J. F. B.—Gold dollars of the year 1854 to 1862 are catalogued at \$1.20 for perfect specimens. There is no premium on \$2.50 gold pieces later than 1834. There is no premium on the \$10.00 and \$20.00 gold pieces you describe.

THAT BOY BOB.—You are about the right weight for your height, but are far above the average for a youth of 17 years. 2. A young man of 19 ought to be at least 5 feet 8 inches tall, and weigh from 135 to 140 pounds. 3. Writing good.

ALICE.—You can make a copying pad ink as follows: Use aniline violet, or any other color you desire, dissolved in seven ounces of hot water; when cold, add 1 oz. of alcohol, 7 drops each of glycerine and ether and one drop of carbolic acid.

A CONSTANT READER.—You can either make the drawing yourself or have somebody draw it for you. It must be sent to the Commissioner of Patents, Patent Office, Washington, D. C. 2. A full patent will cost you \$60. A patent lasts 14 years.

E. W. H.—The word "Thorpe or Thorpe" means a collection of houses; a small village; a hamlet—at present principally occurring in names of places and persons. 2. The Columbia beat the Shamrock all three races. 3. The estimated loss of life was seven. 4. Your writing is excellent.

O. A. R.—There is no premium on a twenty-five cent piece of 1825, or a silver dollar of 1898. 2. We cannot say what the stamps are worth from your description. If you will send them to us with a two-cent stamp for return postage, we will mark the catalogue value of each stamp on its back.

P. H. L. R.—To answer your question would require an actual measurement of the cars, and as cars vary in size in many instances, we could not give you a correct answer. As you reside in Buffalo, the terminus of the railroad, you would have no trouble in obtaining access to the cars yourself; then you can make your own measurements.

TOMMY PUMP.—We do not know of any premium being offered for United States one-dollar bills of 1880. 2. Unless you are an experienced cattle herder and ranchman we do not think you could do any better in the West than in New York. Not knowing anything regarding your abilities we cannot say. 3. We do not know of any expedition of that kind.

MONO.—Pineapples and bananas are grown successfully in southern Florida, but are principally grown in the Bahamas and West Indies. 2. The distance from Florida to Havana, Cuba, is about 90 miles, and from New Orleans to Havana 625 miles. 3. From New York city to the mouth of the Columbia river by water is about 16,000 miles.

SECRETARY KROSEN.—You failed to state what kind of a club you have reference to. 2. There is no premium on a nickel of 1897. 3. Grease paint is a preparation for toilet and theatrical use, principally used for giving color to the skin. 4. It would depend on whether the table was stone, wood or metal. 5. See answer to "Little Willie," in this column.

J. A. H.—There is no premium on old tobacco tags that we know of. 2. There is 179,692 miles of railroads in the United States, exclusive of sidings and elevated roads in the State of New York. This embraces 35,810 locomotive engines, 25,275 passenger cars, 8,133 baggage, mail, etc., cars, and 1,229,535 freight cars, costing over ten billions of dollars.

A LOBSTER.—You can find the fire-eating trick fully explained in "How to Become a Magician," pages 17-18. Price 10 cents. Sent postage free upon receipt of price. 2. "Wall Street Will" ended in No. 261 of this paper, but through a typographical error the notice "The End" was omitted. 3. We do not know of any show of that kind now in preparation. 4. Old King Brady is the greatest detective that we know of.

J. J. C.—Both rubbings are of French coins. No. 1 is catalogued at from \$2.00 to \$3.00, according to condition; No. 2 is catalogued at about \$1.25. You must remem-

ber that the above prices are those asked by dealers when they want to sell a coin. What they would be willing to pay for them we cannot say; if they have a good supply on hand they may not be willing to purchase except at a very low figure. The value of a coin depends on its condition.

RODDY.—You cannot rise from the ranks in the navy and become a commissioned officer. You must be a graduate from the naval academy at Annapolis. In the army it is different; any unmarried soldier under 30 years of age, who is a citizen of the United States, physically sound, who has served honorably not less than two years in the army, and who has borne a good moral character before and after enlistment, may compete for promotion to second lieutenant.

HAGERSTOWN.—Mason and Dixon's Line is the parallel of latitude 39 degrees, 43 minutes and 26.3 seconds north, which separates Pennsylvania from Maryland, drawn in the years of 1763 to 1767 by Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon, two distinguished mathematicians and astronomers. As the northern limit (with the exception of a small part of Delaware and Virginia) of the original slave States, it was prominently mentioned in the controversies concerning slavery.

FLYING BUCK.—We cannot publish a bicycle route from your town to the northern part of Utah; the distance is about 2,400 miles. If you travel at the rate of 40 miles a day it will take you 60 days to make the distance. For a general outline of the route we should say, go from Philadelphia to Pittsburg, Indianapolis, Omaha, Cheyenne and then follow the Central Pacific railroad; for distances between the above cities you would require road maps, which you can purchase in any city along the route.

A WOULD-BE.—To be eligible to become a member of the New York police you must be able to pass a strict physical examination. You are also obliged to study the duties of a policeman, which is furnished in pamphlet form at the time of application; you are also examined in city locations and streets, proficiency in reading, writing, and writing from dictation, and the first four rules of arithmetic; spelling is not counted to any extent. 2. The story "Wall Street Will" ended in No. 261, but through a typographical error the notice "The End" was omitted.

CONSTANT READER.—The Transvaal has an area of 119,113 square miles and a population estimated to be 1,190,000. The Orange Free State has a population of 92,000 Europeans and 140,000 natives. These two states were founded by the Boers in 1835 and 1836. Natal has an area of 35,000 square miles, 61,000 Europeans and 767,000 natives. The area of Cape Colony is 221,321 square miles, with a European population of 376,987 and a native population of 1,150,237. Rhodesia, north of the Transvaal, has an area of 251,000 square miles, with only 350 Europeans and 650,000 natives.

NONAME.—Naval apprentices can be enlisted at navy yards or naval recruiting stations. They must be between the ages of 14 and 17, physically sound, able to read and write, and have the consent of parents or guardian. They must serve until they are twenty-one years of age, when they are fitted to become seamen, or petty officers in the United States navy; the pay is nine, ten, or eleven dollars a month, according to length of service. They cannot become commissioned officers in the navy, as commissioned officers must be graduates from the naval academy, Annapolis, Md. The naval training station is at Newport, R. I.

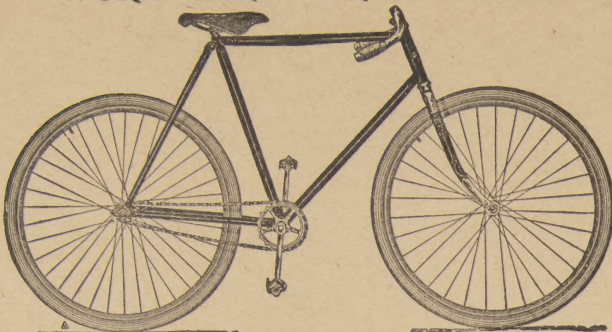
INQUIRER.—Before matches were known fires were started with a flint and steel and tinder box. The tinder box contained inflammable material, such as some burnt linen rags; the flint was struck with the steel which produced sparks; these coming in contact with the burnt linen in the tinder box immediately ignited, which was blown into a flame from which fire could be taken. You can try the experiment yourself if you choose, by simply burning some old linen rags and placing them in a small tin box; then get a piece of flint and an old file. By striking them together you will produce sparks that can be made to come in contact with the burnt linen, which will immediately ignite, and can be blown into a blaze.

LITTLE WILLIE.—Pimples and blackheads come from a disordered state of the stomach and blood. As you live on plain food, take a tablespoonful of sulphur and molasses every morning for a week, and then repeat the dose every other week for a month, and you will no doubt notice an improvement in your complexion. Washing your face with sulphur soap and water as hot as you can bear it will no doubt prove beneficial. You can let the soap dry on your skin over night, if you choose, being careful to remove it in the morning by several washings in warm water. To be effectual this should be repeated daily for several weeks. 2. We do not know how you can make your lips red unless you paint them with vermilion.

(Several letters remain over to be answered next week.)

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WE HAVE ALREADY GIVEN AWAY OVER 300.
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The following is a complete description, and every wheel is sent exactly as represented:—Wheels—28 inch front and rear, 32 spokes in front wheel and 36 spokes in rear. Barrel hubs—turned from bar steel. Spokes—Excelsior Needle Co.'s swaged piano wire, butt ended. Wood rims—lap joint. Bearings—cups and cones turned from bar steel. Balls—hardened and ground. Frame—best Shelby seamless steel tube, 1 1/4 inch or 1 1/2 inch bottom tube and cross tube. (Height of frame—standard 22 inches.) Front forks, continuous, tapered gauge—Drop forged crown, nickel plated or enameled. Drop of frame 3 inches. Rear stays D shaped—Upper 3/4 inches, Lower 1/4 inches, tapered to 3/4 inches. Single-piece, head, 5 inches. Crank Hanger genuine, famous Fauber one-piece, either 5-arm or star pattern sprockets—any size from 21 teeth to 32 teeth inclusive, for either 3-10 inch or 1/4 inch chain—cranks 6 1/2 inches, 7 inches or 7 1/2 inches, diamond pattern. Rear Sprocket, detachable, screwed on hub and held in place by a lock nut screwed on by reverse threads—7, 8, 9 or 10 teeth. Pedals, dust-proof—with or without rubbers. Handle Bar—best seamless tubing, nicked on copper, either upturn, downturn or ram's horn. Grips—to match frame. Chain—B Block, straw colored—blued side plates, either 3-16 inch or 1/4 inch. Gear as desired. Finish—any standard color or enamel. Saddle—Brown pattern, either hard or soft. Tool bag and tools complete. Tires—Amazon, Goodyear, Hartford, Vim or Morgan & Wright, single or double tube.

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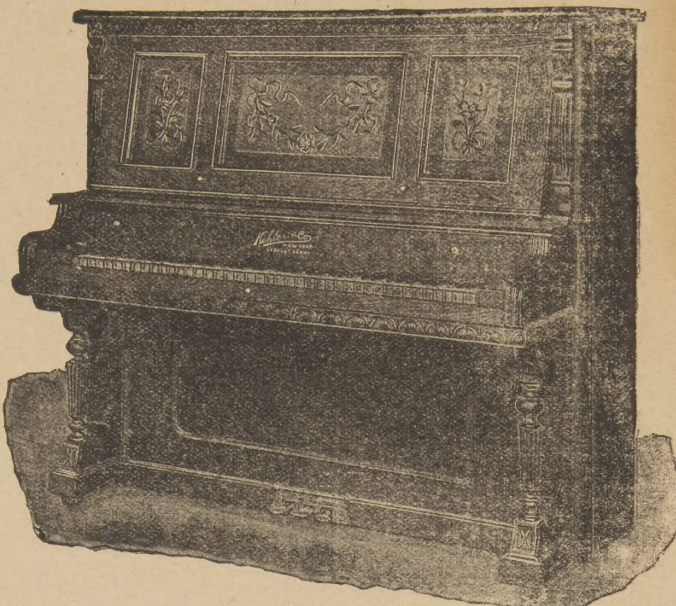
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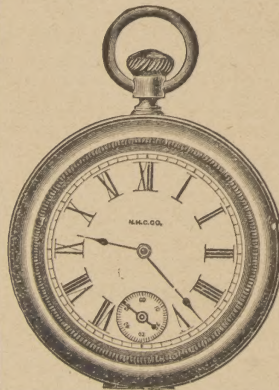
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